THE
Saturday Review
OF LITERATURE

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ROUNDUP OF BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
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—The New York Times
The woman in overalls or uniform has become a good subject for authors. (See page 22)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Remember McGuffey?

Millions of Americans Were Weaned on His Readers

ALICE McGUFFEY MORRILL

EARLY one morning in the year 1841, a Yankee youth named Smith briskly climbed the stairs of a dingy building at 150 Main Street, Cincinnati, and proceeded to make publishing history. The all-but-bankrupt firm of which he was junior partner, was about to be dissolved. Smith had his own ideas about how Truman & Smith, Booksellers and Publishers, should wind up.

Smith collected all the firm's sample volumes from the shelves—a matter of two dozen or more—and arranged them in two neat piles, one high, one low. In the steeper pile he placed a miscellaneous assortment, mostly standard works he and Truman had reprinted for the Western market, together with a few books they had brought out on their own copyright—such as "The Child's Bible with Plates," by a Lady of Cincinnati; "Mason's Sacred Harp," a collection of Church music, etc. In the low pile he placed six small textbooks.

Unlocking a small safe in the corner of the room, Smith drew out all the cash the firm possessed—perhaps a few hundred dollars—and laid the bills and coins on top of the larger pyramid of books.

What Mr. William B. Truman said when he entered the room, we do not know. Certain it is that he fell into Smith's alluring trap as obligingly as the most simple-minded of Aesop's creatures. Offered his choice, he eagerly gathered up the larger heap of books, pocketed the money, shook hands with his ex-partner and departed, well pleased. One hears of him no more.

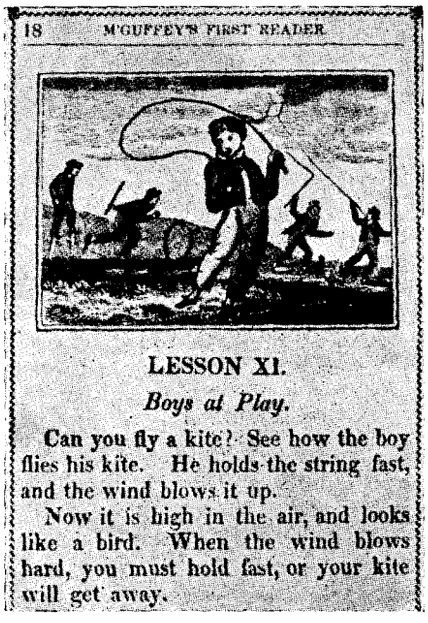
Winthrop B. Smith had made himself the sole owner of the smaller heap. Of the unpretentious little school books he had reserved for himself, four were "The McGuffey Readers." Even the astute Smith could never have guessed the wealth, fame, and influence that lay hidden between those roughly bound board and paper covers.

Expanded later to a series of six readers and a speller, re-edited from time to time, promoted in season and out, the "McGuffeys" were to be for three quarters of a century the most widely read books in the vast expanding West, excepting only the Bible. The total sales are believed to have been over 122 million copies.

The publisher, his family, and his associates became millionaires. The name McGuffey became a household word, a symbol, a legend.

WINTHROP SMITH had been born in 1808, in Stamford, Connecticut, attended common school there, and in his teens worked in a New Haven book shop. At eighteen he went West with the set purpose of making money. For fourteen years after his arrival in Cincinnati he was insolvent, but no one knew it. He was shrewd, ambitious, just but exacting—a hard-headed Yankee business man with a dash of the adventurer, and ideas on salesmanship far ahead of his time.

He was only twenty-six when he formed a partnership with Truman about 1834 to act as agents for books published in the East. But with youthful intuition he perceived the crying need of the New West for books. Above all, school books, written especially for an illiterate, conglomerate population, and produced near at hand. He made up his mind to supply such books. Where amid the budding intelligentsia of southern Ohio was an author to prepare them?


18 M'GUFFEY'S FIRST READER

LESSON XI.

Boys at Play.

Can you fly a kite? See how the boy flies his kite. He holds the string fast, and the wind blows it up.

Now it is high in the air, and looks like a bird. When the wind blows hard, you must hold fast, or your kite will get away.

—From a McGuffey "Reader."

He approached Miss Catherine Beecher. The eldest daughter of the Reverend Lyman Beecher had lost her lover at sea and was assuaging her grief in a crusade for female education. She had published a book "Suggestions on Education," and with her sister Harriet was directing a girls' school in Cincinnati. She did, however, know just the man to undertake the books for Winthrop Smith—her friend Professor McGuffey, of Miami University, the new college in the woods, forty miles from Cincinnati.

Smith and McGuffey met and a contract was drawn up. Thus began a lifelong relationship between author and publisher, amazing in retrospect but apparently completely satisfactory to both.

McGuffey's chief concern was to have the projected Readers teach pure English and instill moral precept. Smith's sole ambition was to sell books. Both succeeded without getting in each other's way.

William Holmes McGuffey was a self-educated product of the frontier. As a precocious boy, he could commit to memory whole books of the Bible. One summer evening a passing horseman stopped by the house. He was the principal of a boarding-school for Presbyterian youth, "Old Stone Academy," on the highway to Pittsburgh. Before he left, he invited Anna McGuffey to enter her son there—tuition free.

The offer was accepted. After years of lean living and hard study, William became one of an army of half-educated youths who tramped the frontiers, drumming up subscription scholars, gathering them into cabins and teaching them as long as the in-

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terest and money of the parents held out.

On these wanderings McGuffey conceived a passionate desire to help these backwoods people, isolated, ignorant, and hungering—as he found them—for something beyond their daily grind. First he had to get more schooling himself. He slaved six years to get a college education, working his way by farming and school-teaching between terms.

Young McGuffey, a threadbare young man with burning eyes and limber speech, was teaching in an abandoned smoke-house on a Kentucky plantation when he was discovered by the President of Miami University, scouting for additions to his faculty. He offered the dazzled teacher a professorship of Ancient Languages, annual salary $600. McGuffey loaded his saddle bags with his scanty possessions, mostly shabby copies of the classics, rode away to Miami and success.

A year later he married Harriet, the beautiful daughter of Judge Isaac Spining who presided in the old log court house at Dayton. By 1832 the McGuffeys had two small daughters. For them and the children of other faculty members, Professor McGuffey started a little primary school. The teachings of Pestalozzi had reached America, and eager minds in the West were taking them up.

McGuffey's primary classes were held in the yard behind his house where the logs still lay as they had fallen, cut from the primeval forest. The children were divided into groups, one group to a log. Between classes they were allowed to stretch their little legs running about in the open.

Gradually the lessons McGuffey arranged for these classes took shape as a book. The exercises and some of the stories were original, and other stories were selected and adapted from other books. By 1883 a "First Reader" was complete. When McGuffey was approached by Smith the publisher, he had the goods ready. The rest was easy.

THE first series, as planned by author and publisher together, called for a "Primer," a "Speller" and four "Readers." The preparation of the Speller was put into the hands of William's brother, Alexander Hamilto McGuffey, sixteen years his junior, whom he had taught his progressive theories. Alexander was a brilliant, bookish youth who had taught belles lettres at Woodward College, Cincinnati, and later studied law.

The contract between Truman & Smith and William McGuffey was signed April 28, 1836. McGuffey was to receive a royalty of ten per cent on all copies sold until the sales should reach the sum of $1000, after which the "Readers" became the absolute property of the publishers. These terms Winthrop Smith in later years would never discuss. A member of the firm who tried repeatedly to draw him out on the subject records "Smith was as close as an oyster about *that* . . ."

The historic little books appeared in 1837, roughly but attractively bound in green side covers, with alluring pictures on every page. The "First Readers" sold at retail for twelve and a half cents. The "Second," of 216 pages, for twenty-five cents. For the "Fourth," a volume of 336 pages, a frontier child who wished to pursue his "larnin'" so far, had to scrape up the exorbitant sum of seventy-five cents. In an era when a laboring man's wage was fifty cents a day, these prices were excessive compared to those asked for schoolbooks today.

Of course in large families—and pioneer families were proverbially large—the books were handed down, dog-eared and tattered, from brother to brother, even from father to son. To estimate the number who studied from them, one must multiply the number of copies sold by at least five.

The illustrations, for which the publishers were responsible, were as much of an innovation as the contents. Earlier reading-books had shown solemn pedagogues imparting instruction, philosophers, and goddesses of wisdom clothed in togas and strange draperies. The "McGuffeys" pictured every-day people doing every-day things. The costumes may have had a high-faluting look to western eyes, for the engravings had been lifted bodily from English publications and the small boys and girls wore fur tippets, ruffled collars, and bowler hats never seen in the rural districts of the West. There were few wood engravers in America at that date, none in the West, and Truman & Smith followed a common practice in coolly appropriating from foreign books.

In the second edition in 1841, some original illustrations appeared, and, in the edition of 1853, notice was given on the title page that all engravings were copyright property and not to be used by others. In 1863 the publishers employed a genuine artist in wood engraving, E. J. Whitney of New York. And in the two later editions, of 1879 and 1901, they improved the pictures out of all recognition. The crudely executed early drawings are the ones now cherished for their quaintness.

From the first the pictures struck home. The illustrated alphabet in the "First Reader" starts out with *A* for

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The Fine Wine of Isak Dinesen

WINTER'S TALES. By Isak Dinesen. New York: Random House. 1943. 313 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

THERE are certain books, extremely rare, about which one feels a strange compulsion and a strange reluctance. The compulsion and the reluctance are the same. The compulsion is to write about them, even to speak about them, only in the mood and the language in which they are written, for otherwise the prospective readers, those who have not already read them, can have no idea of the especial flavor they have, the especial magic they invoke. The reluctance is to approach them in any other way.

Such books defy ordinary criticism just as certain distillations defy ordinary description. Who, for example, can describe certain subtle perfumes? Or certain subtle wines. Or certain subtle liqueurs. Where do you begin? With the ingredients? The herbs, or the grapes, or various smells? But these are universal things and even with careful and intelligent ordinary blending produce ordinary results. Fine, in many cases, but ordinary and not beyond description. But with the rare and extraordinary there are countless nuances of sun and climate, and the history of plants, and the way slopes lie, and soil, and other innumerable delicate and prolonged adjustments of nature and man, so numerous, and many of them so small, and yet all of infinite importance, that you cannot tell adequately of the final mixture. You can only taste it or inhale its bouquet.

To me, Chaucer is that way, and Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici," and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and numerous Elizabethan lyrics, and some of Joseph Conrad, and so on—perhaps sixty or seventy books I have read in my life. And with none of them is it the content entirely, or the beauty of the language, or the vision involved, nor these combined, but the particular way these things are put together to produce a distillation, an evocation. Reading them one realizes the power and mystery and necromancy of language. Of thought. Of personality. Nor in these rare cases does it make much difference whether you approve of what is being said or even if at times you entirely understand it.

After all, to come to another simile, the more fascinating people are, the less you understand them. That is true isn't it? Their auras are too wide and delicate. But there must be a profound worth to the fascination or else eventually the fascination is seen through. In other words, once again, these people must be rare and exceptional just as it with wines, or perfumes, or liqueurs, or a book.

These eleven new tales—and they are tales and not short stories—of Isak Dinesen, fit accurately this inaccurate description, just as her "Gothic Tales" and her curious book, "Out of Africa," did the same. Often as you read the tales you wonder why you are so interested, so constantly excited, for the tales themselves, all of them symbolic, are not especially exciting in their plots, and the characters are frequently as remote as those in fairy-tales, and a great deal of the time you are wandering in a fourth dimension where nothing is especially clear. But the final effect is unforgettable, just as the moments of reading are unforgettable, and you continue to carry the stories about with you, and the strange people who inhabit them; and you wonder, and brood, and make further discoveries, and recall illumined sentences and paragraphs and descriptions, and have the feeling of having had an experience.

To return to the comparison of wine, these tales are like the Italian Est, Est, Est, the only really fine wine the Italians make. You remember the story probably. The story of the eighteenth century priest, made bishop and ordered to South America, who, on his way home from Rome, stopped at a little village at midday and was given a native wine. He was too preoccupied to ask its name or vintage, but later on, more at ease with himself, he recalled with a shock of pleasure its warmth and joy and unforgettable bouquet. And, all during his twenty years in South America, the thought of this wine occasionally troubled him. And then he came again to Rome and once more travelling in the nearby mountains, was given a local wine with his midday meal, and tasting it, paused, his glass in his hand, and his eyes widening, leapt to his feet, exclaiming, "Est, Est, Est!"

Well, so it is with these "Winter's Tales," and, as with the wine Est, Est, Est, you have a triple reaction; you taste them and often to begin with they seem a trifle mild, a trifle flat. Isak Dinesen has a way of beginning a story as flatly as this,

> About eighty years ago a young officer in the guards, the youngest son of an old country family, married in Copenhagen, the daughter of a rich wool merchant whose father had been a pedlar and had come to town from Jutland. There was much talk of it, and a song was made about it, and sung in the street.

Or this, "'Ce pauvre Jean,' said an old Russian General with a dyed beard on a summer evening of 1875 in the drawing-room of a hotel at Baden-Baden." Very deceptive, although very useful in describing your characters and getting them placed in the particular situation as speedily as possible. As flat, and on the surface as matter-of-fact, as the scenery of Denmark. But then there is a great deal of fog in Denmark, and the mystery of it, and the mystery of the surrounding close-circling sea from where the fog came. Also there are magic beech forests in Denmark. Also Hans Christian Andersen came from there.

On the dust-cover of this book, and the publishers must be complimented on this cover and the exquisitely appropriate binding, and the equally exquisite and appropriate type and decorations, someone, I don't know who, has described in a sentence each of these eleven tales; the gist of each one. I suspect it to be the author; if not, it is someone with deep and delicate perception; almost an alter ego. And were I moralizing, I would suggest to all publishers a return to this excellent but now largely discontinued liaison. After all, authors are the people who do write the books and do know best what they are about, and along these lines they can often be informative even to publishers. At all events, these eleven descriptions of these eleven stories stand also in the way of outside criticisms for in themselves they are such perfect summa-

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Getting Rommel on the Run

DON'T BLAME THE GENERALS. By Alan Moorehead. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1943. 312 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by PERCIVAL R. KNAUTH

IF the war in the desert needed a chronicler who could capture its true flavor, it has found it now in young Alan Moorehead, of the London *Daily Express*. In this fast and exciting book he gives you the very essence of the unique campaigns that surged back and forth across Libya until General Bernard Montgomery's Eighth Army ended Rommel's threat in the desert's last and greatest offensive. Moorehead, like other correspondents covering the action, went right along with the troops when they went into battle; more than most of them, however, he has recognized the terrible and exhilarating nature of this war which flowed so swiftly and freely on the empty seas of sand.

Moorehead's story is action, pure and simple, and in that sense it is hard to criticize. Certainly one cannot criticize his style, which is as fluent and descriptive as the best of adventure stories. If it is not always clear in this book how the action of the moment is going, that is less the fault of the writer than of the nature of the war he is covering. There were times out there in the desert—many times—when not even the generals in command knew what was going on.

Here is his description of how Tobruk fell to Rommel in his last drive to Egypt:

> It began on the morning of Saturday, June 20th. While yet the sun showed red through the ground mist German and Italian bombers in numbers unknown swept on to the fortress. They came over in twenties and thirties, tracing and retracing a pattern of bombs across the wadis and the sand-flats and the entrenchments. And through this tumult of bombs and their great curtains of black smoke the Axis shells began to rake the perimeter from one end to the other. They forced the defenders to the ground, they delayed all movement or stopped it entirely. They painted the clearest of all possible warnings across the Tobruk sky—"This is the zero hour. This is the moment of attack."
>
> Then something new in the desert happened. The Stukas came up. They hung briefly above the barrage and then dived, not on the defenders, but on the minefields in the southeast. They dived not to hit men but the mines. . . . Whole strings of mines erupted together. Sappers of the German infantry crept forward to drag out with their hands the mines that had not gone up and soon a pathway was opened. Across the skyline of El Duda a line of fast-moving tanks appeared and, wreathed in their own dust, made straight towards the pathway . . .

It was not treachery by South African troops that lost Tobruk in a day, but that kind of fighting. Moorehead knows the enemy, and describes his tactics well. There is no foolishness in this book about cracking morale on either side: British and Germans fought hard, and in time the British proved better. If you read this book, you will know what made Montgomery's Eighth Army the supreme fighting force that it is.

There is one curious interlude in this story of a year in Moorehead's life as a war reporter. In March, 1942, he was sent to India to cover the Cripps Mission which the British hoped would solve the Indian problem at a time when Japanese invasion was imminent. Moorehead, as he admits candidly, knew just about nothing of India. When he got there he felt absolutely lost. All he could do was to start from the beginning, interview as many people as he could, and with good common sense try to draw some conclusions and report events.

This utter lack of knowledge about the complicated and tragic Indian problem is probably responsible for the wonderful chapters on India. Moorehead saw Cripps, Lord Linlithgow, Gandhi, Nehru, Jinnah, and other Hindu and Moslem leaders. Of them all, Nehru impressed him most. He found the Indian leader deeply pessimistic:

> He could see nothing ahead but bloodshed, endless dispute, and probably civil war. He spoke like a man who sees no hope and expects soon to be blotted out himself. He kept saying, "So many things are going to happen." His melancholy and depression seemed ingrained and chronic. He was no less sincere than Gandhi but his fine mind had gone darting back and forth from Indian philosophy to the present actual horror of war and found no comfort or solution anywhere. . . . Sitting there with him in this pleasant room watching his thin, sensitive face, his beautiful hands, hearing his soft voice, it seemed a hateful thing that this gracious and gifted man should ever be in jail.

And Moorehead concludes: "I for one am convinced that India can go on under British rule in the same way until the war is ended. It is a bad way but it seems to be the only way. After the war, the British will go. That is inevitable. And unless an Allied control steps in, unless the world develops a conscience for India, the exit of the British will create such a mass misery, such a chaos of want and unhappiness and death, as even this war has not created yet."

These chapters on India establish Moorehead not only as a good correspondent, but as a truly sensitive observer of human feelings and needs as well. This is reflected not only in the Indian interlude, but in lesser, more momentary fashion in his account of the desert battles. Alan Moorehead is known in London as a truthful and forthright reporter, one of the best that the British press has. It is to be hoped that his book is widely enough read to give him that reputation here too.

—From the book

Lt. General Neil M. Ritchie confers with his staff during the offensive in North Africa. On his left is Lt. General Willoughby Norrie; on his right, Lt. General William H. E. Gott

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Dynamite on the Water

DYNAMITE CARGO. By Fred Herman. New York: Vanguard Press. 1943. 166 *pp.* $2.

WE FIGHT WITH MERCHANT SHIPS. By M. B. Palmer. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1943. 307 *pp.* $2.75.

I SEEK MY PREY IN THE WATERS. By Squadron-Leader Tom Dudley-Gordon. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943. 297 *pp.* $3.

FATHOMS BELOW. By Frank Meier. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1943. 319 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

IN one of the releases of the Writers' War Board there is related the story of a young man who approached that organization for advice. He was a competent merchant seaman and had his ticket to prove it; he was also an above-amateur writer and had copies of published material to prove that. In which capacity could he best promote the war effort? "Why not both?" they asked him.

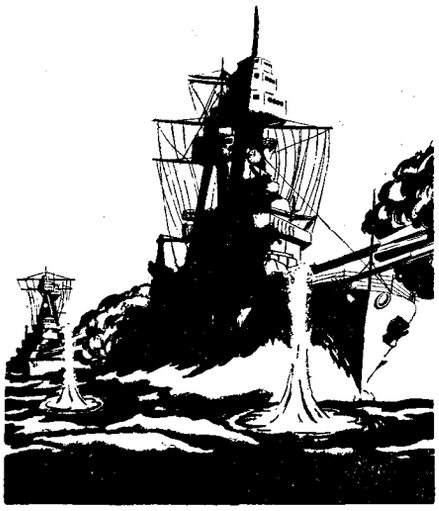
There is nothing in "Dynamite Cargo" to indicate that Fred Herman was the man before the board and the laws of probability are rather against the idea that he was, but in this book he has demonstrated the correctness of the advice by well serving his country in two capacities. In the field of action he was a seaman on one of the truck-horse Liberty ships carrying a load of tanks and ammunition on the September convoy to Russia. In the field of literature he has given a thoroughly extraordinary description of the important part of the voyage, which was the portion after the Germans began to attack them, somewhere off the North Cape.

The form is conventional; the book opens with an account of an air attack, cuts back to the decision to ship for the adventure, briefly introduces the shipmates who will be the main characters of the story, tosses a few paragraphs to the voyage across the Atlantic, and then plunges into the narrative of the battle that ran continually from a remote Scottish island harbor to the point where Russian bombers took over the escort job.

There were doubtless hardships connected with it. Mr. Herman does not even mention them. He is concerned exclusively with the running fight against the torpedo-planes and bombers that came ceaselessly out of the low clouds—twenty, thirty, forty of them—the submarines that made their presence apparent in sinking ships and the dull crump of depth charges, and in the reactions of our seamen to both. Chiefly these reactions sort out into weariness, determination, and anger. Not till his ship was torpedoed and he was aboard a British cruiser did Mr. Herman find anyone who accepted the war with cheerfulness, as a semi-normal way of life.

The weariness under infinitely repeated emergencies is, of course, a usual reaction about which there is nothing new in this case but the method of telling, rather above the average. The determination is inevitable in any book written during the war and would be there in the description even if it did not exist in fact (though this is not to imply that Mr. Herman is a dishonest reporter, merely that he is an honest partisan). But the anger that makes Nazi aviators fly low over a sinking merchant vessel to machine-gun the men on her decks, or that makes other merchant seamen turn the pompoms on a Nazi aviator as he rides his parachute down from a broken plane—that anger, that vindictiveness, is a special feature of this war. What will come of it, how it will develop, Mr. Herman does not try to say, only observes the fact in one of the best pieces of narrative reporting yet offered by a participant in the events.

Mr. Palmer's book is the general story that Mr. Herman has reduced to the individual case—a reportage on the status of our merchant marine. The book is much damaged by not having an index, since the subject does not permit any particularly logical arrangement. There is some background but mostly it deals with the merchant marine since the Maritime Commission took over and began building the standard C-class ship. There is a good deal about them, about the wartime Liberties that followed, about how both types are furnished with crews, sorted into convoys, and operated. The problems of supplying many different fronts at once with fewer ships than ever before and some of the best routes controlled by the enemy are stated, and there is a useful summary of events in the merchant marine field down to December 7, 1941.



But unfortunately the whole story is prettied up and gooed up with the "Everybody's doing swell" approach most often found in official communiqués. There is hardly a word about the N.M.U. and its ortho-communist activities; there is not a word about the arguments between the Maritime Commission and the British about the right type of ship to build and between the same commission and the Navy about priorities on certain construction items. Fred Herman would find it difficult to believe that the Maxfield Parrish merchant marine pictured here is the one in which he served.

Mr. Meier deals with efforts to restore those bright and beautiful ships after they have been brought to book by the sea; his sub-title is "Under-sea Salvage from Sailing Ships to the *Normandie.*" An old-time master diver himself, he knows what he is talking about, but he doesn't often talk about it, and it doesn't matter anyway.

The fact is that this is a series of forecastle yarns, differing widely in tempo, arrangement, and even manner, with no unifying feature but the fact that they have something about salvage in them. When Mr. Meier is about to discuss the salvage of the *Albert Dailey,* he starts by telling how she got into the jam from which she had to be salvaged, so we have a piece about shipwreck at sea, complete with Caston lights and heroic efforts at rescue by the Coast Guard. A narrative of trouble on the Great Lakes begins with a disquisition on navigational conditions there in November, continues through a story of strange adventures and brave actions and concludes with exactly two sentences about salvage. There is even a hunt for galleon gold in the Caribbean, "fictionized," with direct quotes and a romance between one of the salvagers and the skipper's beautiful daughter and ending with everybody standing around among bags of dubloons while the wedding bells chime. Nobody will ever learn much about salvage from this book, but it is a damned amusing series of sea tales with just seriousness enough to give the reader an illusion that he is learning something.

"I Seek My Prey in the Waters" has something of the same discursive character. The title is the motto of the R.A.F. Coastal Command, on whose emblem it appears under the picture

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of a cormorant. The book is a narrative of the proceedings of that command and comes just as the British government is issuing its own official account of the same thing. This is too bad, for if Squadron Leader Dudley-Gordon has a more intimate acquaintance with the small detail of his service than the impersonal government publication can give, he lacks the wider conspectus and either could not or was not permitted to make the summaries that would have produced an effective overall picture. As a result the book is one of scraps and patches in spite of good intentions, good arrangement, and a few good individual stories.

The Coastal Command has a more varied job than any other service in the war and it uses more different types of planes. It has done everything from hunting down the *Bismarck* far at sea to convoy work off the coast and bombing raids on interior Norway. The author's method is to state each of these activities, then launch into a series of anecdotal incidents to show how it is carried on. This is a good method, but it cries for some summing up at the end of the chapter, or for specific details of name, date, and place, the illumination of personal experience, which the censorship apparently would not permit. The result is that as a whole the book lacks backbone and vitality—a fairish specimen of war book, but no more, a workday piece of journalism out of the Sunday supplements.

They Carry the Goods Through

MERCHANT SHIPS—1942. By E. C. Talbot-Booth, R.N.R. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. $19.

Reviewed by PAUL SCHUBERT

WE see them lying in the Hudson these days, heavy laden, grey in war color paint, shabby with hard work—the ships. Behind them lie adventures without number. Before them lies the next cruise, and always this may be the one on which they stop a torpedo, or are pierced by a bomb that plummets down mercilessly.

These same ships fill the pages of Paymaster Talbot-Booth's monumental book, called the "standard work of reference on merchant ships of the world." The book is as seafaring as its subject. It is a companion to the classic Jane's "Fighting Ships" and is equally devoted to statistics and silhouettes. "Merchant Ships" is primarily concerned with identification, and after that with providing information about most of the thousands of ships that sail the seven seas, the lines whose flags they fly, and the merchant-marine establishments of the countries that send ships to sea.

There are more than 2400 drawings of ships, 700 drawings of house flags, 1500 drawings of funnels with the distinguishing marks useful in identifying strange vessels, and 900 illustrations—all the way from giant liners to the few surviving sailing ships.

Though it is a book of ships which have gone to war, it is entirely dispassionate and impersonal. German and Japanese vessels, with the aggressive hull lines of new ships built by "rising" powers, sail these pages alongside their British and American enemies. Our merchant service, as shown, is still the puny establishment of the pre-war world—may the injection of war-time building give it a lasting boost!

There are no secrets to be gleaned from the book. It pretends that the war has not altered shipping—the *Normandie* is still shown in silhouette and picture, though it's confessed that she was seriously damaged by fire. *Bremen* and *Europa* are former holders of the "blue riband." *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth* are still passenger liners—no hint that they've ever been used outside the luxury trade. And some ships shown here are gone forever, down to Davy Jones's locker with their guts ripped out by torpedo explosions—

But seafaring men understand all that, and know why wartime caution prohibits the description of new ships in a book which must sooner or later reach enemy hands and be studied by methodical intelligence officers.

To seafaring men, this book is one of the profession's bibles. To others, it is a breath of life flavored by salt—it pricks the imagination. It's like picking up "Lord Jim" and opening it at random, to slip back at once into the mood of a seamanly world.

Amphibious Wings

THE NAVY HAS WINGS. By Fletcher Pratt. New York: Harper & Bros. 1943. 224 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by
REAR ADMIRAL YATES STIRLING, JR.
U.S.N. (Retired)

MR. PRATT'S book is a well organized and rounded description of how the Navy goes about training its naval aviators in the midst of a war. Its descriptions are full and accurate, and it takes the young aspirant for wings through all the steps which he must follow to become a naval pilot. Though in its first portion the work is technical, describing the scientific reasons behind the Navy's rigid system of training, it is not by any means dry reading. It is full of intimate and appropriate dialogue that can be heard in any of the Navy's training institutions, and which give the reader both local color and background to help him understand a rigorous system of training.

Fletcher Pratt describes the many types of planes used by the Navy and the part they play in fighting on the seas. He tells of the importance of the base, "the ground from which the antaeus of the air gathers the strength for his leaps." His description of blimps and airships, and the training of their crews is both instructive and intensely interesting. The naval aircraft factory comes in for a good word, and he shows how our naval air-minded men have led in the many developments, such as the catapult, ahead of all other navies.

The chapter on big boats and their duties, and the qualifications of the men to fly them is most absorbing reading. The day on a carrier gives an intimate view of life on a type of warship which has appeared suddenly in the composition of a fleet and is becoming a major unit in it. The chapter on carrier and battleship is well worth studying. It represents, of course, only the author's point of view, but the analysis and conclusions, although they may not be entirely accepted, constitute an interesting study.

Mr. Pratt is not a Navy man, but he shows by his writings that he has mastered a knowledge of many of its details by close attention and study. His writings on naval affairs are always interesting and constructive. Unlike de Seversky and Ziff, he keeps his eyes in the air even while his feet are on the ground.

Invest in America's Future
By Buying War Bonds

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The Moral Values of Democracy

WAY FOR AMERICA. By Alexander Laing. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 380 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ALFRED M. BINGHAM

THE definite arrival of a new trend in American social criticism is marked by this book. Mr. Laing, assistant librarian at Dartmouth, novelist and poet, belongs to the generation which came to maturity in the period between wars. If he had written his analysis of the ills of the world ten years ago it would have been in terms of economic determinism and the inevitable disintegration of capitalism. Instead he sees the issues of the hour almost wholly in moral terms: democracy can only triumph over the forces of evil represented by the Axis as it returns with new clarity and firmness to moral fundamentals. In Mr. Laing's eyes the lesson of the tragic inter-war years is the lesson that to compromise with evil is to court disaster.

Mr. Laing's method of presentation is against him. In form his book is a long drawn out historical essay on the series of moral evasions that culminated at Munich. His material is so over-extended and badly organized that much of the effectiveness of vigorous writing and honest thinking is lost. He writes as a common citizen seeking to reflect the indignation of his Vermont neighbors at the cowardice of the "experts"; but he sets up as something of an expert himself, in detailing the sorry history of British Tory politics under Baldwin, Simon, Hoare, and Chamberlain, with the result that the reader is inclined to get impatient with his positive black-and-white moral judgments. What might have been a powerful pamphlet turns out to be a not altogether convincing historical survey.

Yet the cumulative effect of a constantly recurring theme is considerable. One cannot but be impressed with Mr. Laing's mordant indictment of the amoral politics that, under the direction of the "appeasers" but with the connivance of conservatives and liberals who had alike lost their hold on moral principle, threw Manchuria, Ethiopia, Czechoslovakia, and finally all democratic Europe to the wolves. In bringing his book to a final focus on the "expediency" of Darlanism, he brings his indictment home to our own State Department. And his main thesis is one that cannot be ignored, least of all by the "irresponsibles" who have seen recent trends primarily in economic and social terms.

Briefly, his thesis is that the common citizen's sense of the difference between right and wrong is a much surer guide than the intelligence of any élite, that in this lies the strength and virtue of democracy, and that the guiding principle of a democratic foreign policy must be "to encourage everywhere the elements making for democracy, and to discourage both the growth and the maintenance of tyranny." In a "new declaration" he

—*Grady*

Alexander Laing

lays down the rules by which we could have avoided the disaster of the last few years, and by which alone he believes we can build an enduring peace.

The natural reaction of the sceptic is that things are not so simple. Even in personal morals the voice of conscience is too often likely to be a confused jumble of conflicting imperatives. And in the complexities of politics and economics can any of us be certain of what is "right" and "wrong" in any given situation? In the case of Russia's attack on Finland, for instance, the common people no less than the experts would, if they had followed Mr. Laing's rule, have made what we now believe would have been a disastrous mistake. Mr. Laing blames our own fear of the bogy of Bolshevism as one of the causes of the Russian dictatorship, and he sees democratic forces in Russia with which we can and must coöperate; but no simple formula of democratic good and evil can be an infallible guide.

The sceptic might go even farther and point to the fact that men may differ as to what is good and what is evil. To men like Chamberlain war itself was the ultimate evil, to be avoided at all costs; and it was not 'till the people themselves began to wonder if there might not be things worse than war that a stand was made. Even now can any of us be sure that we know what would constitute a "good" peace as regards the future of Germany and Japan? Surely if ever there was a time when the disinterested expert is needed—the economic expert, the political expert, the psychological expert, and more immediately the military expert—it is now.

Yet, whatever our scepticism over Mr. Laing's simplified code, there can be no escape from the logic of his denunciation of the amorality of pre-war politics. Cowardly evasions, makeshift bargains, half-hearted improvisations based on what appeared to be immediate self-interest without principle and without vision, these only postponed disaster and made it more disastrous when it came. And if there is any certain lesson to be drawn from two world wars it is that the pursuit of national self-interest without consideration of the world community has become a suicidal rule of human conduct.

False Passage

By Christopher La Farge

ARMED and pack-laden with all the misery
The years accreted, not animal nor soul,
Hungry, and helmeted between slave and free,
We campaigned miracles that should make us whole.
Through hopeful charts of mist at last was given
Sight of new land: not wholly good, but green,
Some of its goodness by death-deserts riven,
And a great, bloody river ran between.
Yet fertile land, they said; new fields were bright,
And sweat, they said, had freedom for a neighbor,
And foretold men stood in each other's sight
As just as God in God's incessant labor:
But to cross through that flood, that bloody spate,
Cost hungry men, they said, the coin of hate.

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Indelible Impressions

THE DEAD LOOK ON. By Gerald Kersh. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1943. 214 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by NORMAN COUSINS

IF you want something good to read, something you can finish in a single evening but can't put out of your mind, try this little book. It is a fictionalized story of Lidice, the Czech town crushed into the dust as a symbol of German justice following the inability of the Nazis to apprehend the slayer of Heydrich the Hangman. What happened to Lidice will of course never be forgotten, but Donald Kersh gives you the feel of the place in a way you are not likely to get over very soon.

Working with the Lidice theme as his background, Kersh has created a superb cast of characters and a series of indelible impressions in building a narrative with the driving power of a General Grant tank. There is some pretty strong stuff here, and readers with weak stomachs are hereby warned that Donald Kersh is frankly dealing with emotional explosives. His book is as vivid as the smell of burning flesh.

At the same time, Kersh can write with great gentility. Deftly set into the framework of the larger picture is the story of Max and Anna, two young people struggling to keep their country and themselves alive but inexorably caught in the maw of Nazi vindictiveness and destroyed—like the rest of the townsfolk. It is a powerful and compelling story, told with artistry and intensity, eloquence and sincerity.

There is not much that I have been able to find out about the author, either on the jacket or by inquiry at the publishers, other than that he is a young English writer who seems to have gathered around himself a small but vociferous band of enthusiasts. And for good reason. He has a wide range of equipment that ought to enable him to write his own ticket as to where he goes from here. He has both polish and power, sophistication and broad appeal. And not the least among his gifts is an affinity for characterization; he almost seems to take a positive delight in working with human beings and in giving them not only plausibility but a close-by reality. So much so that Kersh himself seems sometimes to be carried away by the sheer exuberance of his own descriptions, leading him to overcrowd his images.

At such times, the writing becomes almost lush, and you feel that Kersh comes perilously close to violating the novelist's First Commandment—thou shall not make the reader aware of thy presence. But even where Kersh may occasionally loom over his story, you have got to admire the man for the color and rhythm of his phrasing.

> He darted forward, pausing occasionally to clench and unclench his hands in an agony of impatience while Max and Anna struggled after him. He could, by some miracle of suppleness, turn himself into a fluid and pour himself through impassable spaces.

Yet Kersh can make too much of a good thing. Take, for example, a description of Captain Johann Pommer, a methodical human scavenger assigned to itemize and squeeze out every last drop of loot from the condemned town.

> He had worked out the weight of studs in a peasant's boots. He had calculated the value of hinges in the door of a hut. He knew precisely how many shell-cases could be made out of the lamps of nine workingmen's huts. He was aware of the scientific instrument value of every chip-diamond in a poor girl's engagement ring. He was a statistician; he had converted used contraceptives into terms of tires for lorries, and had reduced the fornication of a nation to terms of mileage. To him, the acquisitions of a family could be spoken of only as rounds of ammunition for the Third Reich.

That would seem to cover the point fairly well, but Kersh gives us six pages of additional minutiae on this peculiar genius of Captain Pommer; and, while it is a brilliant exhibition of sustained detail, it calls attention to a flaw which is more a matter of editing than anything else.

But this is only picking lint compared to the overall achievement of "The Dead Look On." What Donald Kersh has done is to give us a little book with a big wallop—no mean feat these days when good novelettes are as needed as they are rare.

Wolfert's People

TUCKER'S PEOPLE. By Ira Wolfert. New York: L. B. Fischer. 1943. 496 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by NEWMAN LEVY

MR. WOLFERT has written a fine, mature, and understanding novel. Superficially it might be described as a story about the policy racket in Harlem. I have had, unfortunately, some experience with the numbers racket as it is popularly called, and I can testify that Mr. Wolfert tells his story with careful reportorial accuracy. This is no slight merit in a book. His underworld characters, his crooked politicians, his shady lawyers, and his venal judges are real. The prototypes of some of them will be recognized by those who read the newspaper reports of a *cause célèbre* a few years back. And let me add, too, from first hand knowledge, that the technical details of the policy game and the tortuous procedure of the magistrates' courts and the police department are presented with flawless fidelity. There is action and melodrama to satisfy the most avid crime story addict.

But this is no mere crime story. It is a penetrating and sympathetic novel of frustration and insecurity, a story of little people, many of them decent people, battling against forces they are too feeble to resist and too simple to understand. Even Tucker, the arch-racketeer, whose career moves inevitably from labor thug through prohibition beer running to domination over a vast chain of corrupt rackets, finds himself bewildered by the machine he has built and in which he is enmeshed.

The story starts with Leo Minch, one of the little people, essentially honest and respectable, who has been beaten into submission by the depression. He had laboriously built up a successful woolen business "until a steeply falling market caught him with shelves loaded and, before the market could recover, his creditors ganged up on him for their money and put him out of business." He tried selling butter and eggs, then running a garage, until, at length, he was out of business again and, by a sequence of events that he but vaguely understood himself, he found himself running a policy bank in Harlem.

This is but the spring board to launch the story. The author goes back to Leo's childhood and describes with deep insight the factors that make the rest of Leo's story inevitable.

> As a baby Leo had not been merely unexpected to his parents, but

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unwelcome as well. Sarah and Jacob were then fighting against the poverty that thronged their lives. A child made the struggle seem hopeless.

They did their best for Leo. They talked love for him into themselves and cooed over him and fondled him. But all the sum of each of them was flung into a fight against the life each was compelled to live. The baby was one of the enemies in the fight.

Leo's younger brother Joe drifts into a life of petty crime and turns up after many years as one of Tucker's lieutenants. The episode leading up to the separation of the brothers after the death of their parents is written with intense dramatic power.

I have mentioned the inevitability of Leo's subsequent career. Mr. Wolfert portrays with an abundance of psychological detail not only the major characters, Tucker and his lawyer, Henry C. Wheelock, but the minor characters as well. Particularly memorable are the stories of employees in Leo's bank. Knowing their histories we realize that the events of the book must follow as inexorably as a Greek tragedy. Even the career of the Special Prosecutor Hall, who fights the rackets with one eye cocked upon the Governor's Mansion in Albany, seems inevitable.

The story is involved but absorbing. We are shown the working of a policy bank, the manipulations behind the scenes in the police court, the domestic life of the racket leader. Even the traffic cop and the superannuated retired street car conductor, who appear but incidentally, are revealed to us with a wealth of detail.

Ira Wolfert

Mr. Wolfert has taken a small and sordid section of New York life and from it he has fashioned a novel that seems to me to have a greater significance than its materials. This book indicates more than the promise of a first novel. It is the fruition of a mature literary talent. I hail the arrival of a writer of stature and importance.

The Day Before Yesterday

CANDLEFORD GREEN. By Flora Thomson. New York: Oxford University Press. 1943. 175 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

WHO can't put the clock back? We've seen a lot of it in the last twenty years, most of it of a very unpleasant kind. But, anyhow putting back the clock has been for some centuries a favorite sport of authors. It has been most successful, perhaps, when the author has returned to a clockless time, as Flaubert did in "Salammbo"; but lately—can they be, though, so different in kind, inspired by Marcel Proust?—comes a bevy of books from France, from England, and here in America whose authors are busy with yesterday, or the day before.

Miss Thompson's "Candleford Green" is a lovely example of that rare book, the kindly unembittered evocation of the author's past: its parallels are Miss Hughes's studies of the same period. Miss Hughes's childhood, however, was a London one; and she came from a well-off middle-class family; Miss Thompson was a daughter of working-people in a country village, and starts her own working life, some time in the nineties, at the age of fourteen as assistant to the postmistress of a neighboring village, Candleford Green. I had better confess that the book is not admittedly autobiography; its heroine is called Laura, but I'd bet my own recollections of a similar village that Laura is Flora.

Candleford Green is as exquisite, as clean in flavor, as delicate in texture as a jar of the famous jelly which the postmistress, Miss Lane, made for the village invalids. Real jelly, with calf's foot as its basis and strong port wine, and no touch of gelatine. Jelly run slowly through a jelly-bag "the shape of a fool's cap, which had to hang from a hook in the larder ceiling all night to let its contents ooze through into the vessel placed beneath, without squeezing": a jelly so strong and delicious would "a'most raise the dead." Candleford Green was a feudal village; but Laura, who lived to contribute to the *Daily Herald,* London's socialist daily, does not look back on her childhood as one of oppression. People were mostly kind and generous, if a little pompous. Life was comfortable for all but the very old who had no children and no savings to take care of them and so were forced to the wicked misery of the workhouse where Darby and Joan were separated.

A gentility that had almost vanished—not quite—before the war is revealed in the confession of the Vicar's wife, who was the granddaughter of an earl:

> His wife was a dumpy little rolly-poly of a woman who wore old, comfortable clothes about the village because, as she was once heard to say, "Everybody here knows who I am, so why bother about dress?"

By the standards of today life was slow, unentertaining—though there were Penny Readings, and a church social and "outings" once a year—but it was rich, unperplexed, and with opportunities for those who would work for them. So Laura found it, as she did her work in the post-office, sometimes tramped with the letters, read "Don Juan" and Scott's novels and some of Dickens, Trollope, and Thackeray (there were good lending libraries in the country before Mr. Carnegie), and slowly learnt a rare kind of wisdom. That wisdom came first to her when Sir Timothy's wife asked her to join the Primrose League, a Conservative society. Laura was distressed. She didn't like to refuse; but her father, like most working-men, was a Liberal. So she plucked up her courage and told the lady "No" and her refusal was taken with a kindly smile—

> Her Ladyship, she realized, had asked her to join out of kindness, in order that she might qualify for a ticket for the approaching celebrations . . . It was better to say clearly and simply just what one meant, whoever one was talking to, and always to remember that what one said was probably of no importance whatever to one's listener.

Laura was a superb listener and observer. "Candleford Green" has, on every page almost, sharply-etched vignettes of the village characters—the poor deaf-mute, the "lord" who condescended to the village fair, the postman, the grocer, baker, and butcher, the dressmakers, the clergy. There's a wonderful picture of the scurry of the day when the hunt met on the green, and lovely descriptions of the country scene in every season. A vanished England? I wonder.

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American Doctor's Heroic Odyssey

THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL. By James Hilton. Boston: Little, Brown. 1943. 158 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THE events of this doctor's Odyssey, fictional only in form, were reviewed on the radio, April 28, 1942, by President Franklin D. Roosevelt:

> Dr. Wassell was assigned to duty in Java, caring for wounded officers and men of the cruisers *Houston* and *Marblehead* which had been in heavy action in the Java seas. When the Japanese advanced across the island it was decided to evacuate as many as possible of the wounded to Australia. But about twelve of the men were so badly wounded that they could not be moved. Dr. Wassell remained with these men, knowing that he would be captured by the enemy. But he decided to make a desperate attempt to get the men out of Java. He asked each of them if he wished to take the chance and every one agreed. He first had to get the twelve men to the seacoast. . . . The men were suffering severely but Dr. Wassell kept them alive by his skill and inspired them by his own courage. As the official report said, Dr. Wassell was "almost like a Christ-like shepherd devoted to his flock."

Dr. Wassell was not captured and he brought nine of his "unmovable" wounded back alive from Java. The casualties could not have been prevented; one of the men was mortally wounded and died in hospital before the march began; "Renny" suffered so severely that he had himself dropped out of the party without the doctor's knowledge; the little Javanese nurse whose name the soldiers could pronounce only as "Three Martini" stayed with Renny for no apparent reasons of romance, but because she had given her blood to him and felt that their fates were inextricably united.

Once at his Javanese port, Dr. Wassell bullied and wheedled the captain of the *Janssens* into taking aboard nine men who would have been certain total casualties if the ship had gone down, and were already well on their way to being total casualties.

The nine men worked with him. All of them belonged in bed, but some managed to get on crutches to prove that they were "movable," and all of them, half-flayed by fire, asserted that they were convalescent and virtually as good as new. The incorrigible "McGuffey" even managed a scandal or two with drink and ladies to show that he was completely normal.

The trip to Australia is a classic. They were bombed and machine-gunned, the water was full of submarines;

James Hilton

no one on board expected them to reach port. Still, the nine wounded applauded the beer the doctor brought them and McGuffey, feeling much better, made love to a young missionary, who said any American looked good to her, no matter how bad he was.

The boat finally limped into Fremen through, not only alive but improved, except for McGuffey, who was last seen sitting on a coil of rope talking earnestly to a new girl.

All through the trip the doctor had been worried about some extraordinary items—beer, etc.,—on his Navy expense account, particularly since he has a missionary background, and when the Admiral called him up, shortly after his arrival in Australia, he was worried but prepared to explain everything.

However, the Admiral had called him to give him the Navy Cross.

Dr. Corydon Wassell is from an Arkansas farm, but with enough experience of the East to be able to speak Chinese, which he did to one of his patients, Sun, a completely impassive Chinese. One of Dr. Wassell's ambitions on the trip was to make Sun smile, and he finally did—once.

Mr. Hilton has told a great history with his usual clarity and simplicity and the inoffensive sentimentality that all of his readers know, but to this reviewer Mr. Hilton seems to have paid inadequate attention to the grim and unsentimental heroism of the boys who were actually doing the suffering. That is probably a bigger story.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

FICTION'S FAMOUS FARMERS

This week we take up that most essential person, the farmer. Briefly described below are ten prominent members of this group. With how many of them are you acquainted? Allowing 5 points if you can name the story in which each appeared, and another 5 if you can recall the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 15.

1. When this shrewd but stingy peasant was seen to stoop and pick up something in the market place, nobody would believe that it was only a piece of string instead of a lost pocketbook.

2. His farm having once been the scene of a famous victory, this old farmer was not too surprised when his grandchildren brought him a skull they'd dug up.

3. After dust storms had made living on their Oklahoma farm impossible, this family hopefully migrated to California.

4. When the Devil tried to foreclose on the mortgaged soul of this New Hampshire farmer, a famous lawyer successfully defended him.

5. Instead of building a new farm house as he had promised his wife he would do, this farmer kept on building new barns—until she finally revolted.

6. In proposing by mail to a waitress he had met in a San Francisco restaurant, this elderly Italian fruit farmer sent her a photo of his handsome hired man instead of his own.

7. After toiling for years on a rented farm, he finally saved enough money to buy the place, only to be told that because of the improvements he had made the price had gone up.

8. This husky Exmoor farmer led his neighbors in an attempt to rid the county of a family of aristocratic bandits.

9. By hanging onto his land, even through seasons of famine, and increasing his holdings at every opportunity, he eventually became wealthy.

10. Because of the shiftlessness of its tenant, it had been years since anything grew on this Georgia tobacco and cotton farm except broom sedge and wormeaten turnips.

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Ramon Senders World

DARK WEDDING. By Ramón J. Sender. Translated from the Spanish by Eleanor Clark. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943. 305 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

EVERY novel worthy of the name is in itself a world, however incomplete and imperfect. Some of these worlds are easily entered, while in others we must learn to breathe with more or less difficulty. The average American reader passes from the world of his daily living into that of a Sinclair Lewis novel, for example, with no sense of shock, without need of adaptation or readjustment. But for him to make himself at home in a Dostoievski world, a certain effort is required, a certain reorientation. And, ascending the scale of difficulty, his adaptive effort must be far greater if he is to move about successfully and understandingly in the atmosphere of a Kafka world. Scarcely less than the last is the effort demanded by the world of Ramón J. Sender's "Dark Wedding." Demanded, that is, if the novel is to be accepted as something more than a grotesque and horrible melodrama.

A bare outline of its story might convey an impression of extreme simplicity. Virile Black Trinidad, boss of a penal colony on Faroe Island in the Caribbean, brings his innocent bride from the mainland to the convict settlement, swarming with the lowest and ugliest human animals known to life or fiction. Before he can consummate his marriage, Trinidad is shot and killed by an unidentified assassin, whereupon the colony, blessed by a remarkably high percentage of sex murderers, bursts into a volcano of collective and individual lust. Niña, the virgin widow, incarnate purity, is the prize. Cutting communications with the mainland, the convicts divide themselves into bands that clash and kill for the possession of the girl. But she is hidden away by the one decent man on the island, a young revolutionary schoolteacher named Darío, and in the end she is saved. Spotless virtue triumphs, as in "Comus," and Darío and Niña, now bound by love, are free to leave the island. Yet when they are halfway to the mainland they find that they cannot leave, and order their motorboat to be put about.

What could be simpler—in outline? And there is nothing in the pages of "Dark Wedding" to warn the reader that he is embarking on anything but a realistic narrative. He has not been long on the island, however, before he becomes aware of grotesque and fantastic deviations from normality, from reality as he knows it. Patterns of life and character are warped and distorted; the air is not the air he is used to breathing; the farcical and the macabre are strangely mingled; here a detail is gross with exaggeration, there a feature is drawn with the gruesome expertness of a Hieronymus Bosch. A sense of nightmare grows. The reader looks round him, and, borrowing a phrase from Sender, sees that everything is as ugly as a monkey's armpit.

Then, gradually, the presence and use of symbolism make themselves known. Vaguely at first, and never with complete clarity. It might, of course, be possible to map this symbolism, to assign to each character and incident a definite place and function in the symbolical world of "Dark Wedding"; but the effort would be meaningless, for no two cartographers could possibly agree. So we must largely be content with personal intuitions.

We may be sure that Niña symbolizes the ideal that exists even for the lowest of mankind: an ideal that the convicts would realize by the basest means, unaware that mere possession means destruction; while Darío understands that it is not enough to possess, but that one must "become integral with" the ideal. We may be sure that the island is the jungle world of men and women, where "life is peopled by monsters, but with a little path between the monsters. For everybody, no matter whom, some little path." We may be sure that when Niña and Darío refuse to journey to the mainland they are refusing to turn their backs on the life to which mankind is condemned. But when we pass beyond these, and a few other certainties, we enter a fascinating realm of speculation and argument that must remain closed to a reviewer short of space.

Ramón J. Sender can produce a rare sense of nightmare.

The satisfaction that a reader will derive from this latest work of one of Spain's best younger novelists must depend on the extent of his sympathy for a symbolical, as compared with a direct, interpretation of life. But that any reader could be bored by the vigorous, imaginative, infinitely ingenious, and often horrifying writing of "Dark Wedding" is highly improbable.

Period Piece by Norah Lofts

THE BRITTLE GLASS. By Norah Lofts. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1943. 258 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by REBECCA LOWRIE

NONE of Norah Loft's novels has ever quite touched "I Met A Gypsy" for freshness, gusto, and drama, but none of them ever lets the reader down. "The Brittle Glass" is one of the best. Like the others it is a period piece, with characters whose reactions, relationships, and psychology are as contemporary and as memorable as this morning's cup of coffee. The story concerns Sorrel Kingaby, the first legitimate child of Josiah, whose warehouse did a thriving business during the Napoleonic wars. The child was bitter toward the father who resented her sex, and at his death, inheriting the business, she ran it like a man. Tongues wagged, but Sorrel was hard and determined, and, in a period when a woman in trade was unthinkable, she eventually built up a fortune.

Her emotional life was not so happy. Her first love was a clerk in the office who used her shy, uninhibited passion for him to further his affair with a governess in the household. Since he was one of her father's illegitimate brood it was just as well that disillusion came—but it did not come until her gifts to Jamie had brought the business perilously near to bankruptcy. At this point she engaged in a deal with two smugglers. One of them, a lusty brigand named Tari, seduces her, is killed by the revenue men, and leaves her pregnant. She meets this predicament as she has met the other challenges of her ungentle youth, and the novel comes to an ironic end. Miss Lofts has used a method at which she is very deft. Several people tell the story, each bringing it a fresh viewpoint and a new insight into the complexities of the characters.

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What to Do with a Book

Some Uses Publishers Are Hiding from the Public

DONALD PORTER GEDDES

SOME time back, it was announced through the press that walls lined solidly with books served as a fair insulation against the cold and cruel elements—information of the utmost importance in view of the fuel oil shortage. This information may have come as somewhat of a shock to those who have the strange idea that books are good only for reading. The truth is, though, that there are many people who still adhere to that quaint notion. Actually, the non-reading uses of books far exceed and outweigh the reading uses of them.

The use of books for purposes other than those connected with the flowering of the mind falls into four major categories: first, general utility; second, decor; third, enhancement of the cultural reputation; fourth, therapy.

Everyone knows that a good heavy quarto—say a volume of the Encyclopaedia Britannica—makes an excellent door stop; and that the Merriam Unabridged Webster is the best possible way of bringing a three- or four-year-old up to the level of his adult companions at Thanksgiving. Our more privileged youngsters have long since found this volume to be the best possible base for the fullest exploitation of the drumstick.

As a stepladder, books piled upon the floor serve well. The fact that bindings suffer in the process is, of course, unimportant.

In case of siege, books make an excellent barricade: all you have to do is estimate the trajectory of the bullet that has your name on it and then place your protective volumes so that your bullet hits either a front cover or back cover, and does so at an angle of not less than 85° or more than 95°, otherwise there will be deflection that may result in a fatal ricochet. Above all, the thing to be avoided in this connection is having the bullet enter the edge of the book, for this will most certainly result in the death of either the hero or heroine, and possibly both.

Paper bound books are not recommended for this purpose, but they have great utilitarian value in stretching coats that had been out in the rain: two in each pocket will weight the coat and if kept there long enough will eliminate wrinkles and also make the pockets good and baggy.

Too, these small volumes make pretty good paper weights.

In the field of decoration, one of the commonest uses of the early eighteenth and nineteenth century books is to glue all the pages together and then gouge out the inside so that an unsuspected receptacle for cigarettes is left. This is an ingenious thing to do with a book you want to hang on to.

Then there is the rather old trick of sawing the backs off books, preferably French volumes bound in leather, and pasting these backs on pieces of wood, which in turn are nailed on to boards that are then inserted in dummy shelves. When done cleverly, this gives the effect of full devotion to learning, and there is little likelihood of being uncovered unless you have the sort of friends who think they have the right to browse in your library as though it were an ordinary bookstore.

For simple decor, there is nothing like an overstuffed volume on the parlor table, but, unfortunately, the publishers of today are not as productive of good books for this purpose as were the publishers of the last century. However, Durant's "Story of Philosophy" will serve you in this way, if you have a parlor.

Another way of improving the appearance of your home is to tear pictures or plates out of precious volumes and hang them in suitable frames on your walls. The mutilated volumes can then be relegated to the nearest waste receptacle and deposited in the municipal dump. So placed, these books will prove of incalculable value to the ethnologists of the future, who undoubtedly will do learned monographs attempting to explain the incomplete collation.

Of course, one of the most important things that books can do is to indoctrinate your friends with the idea that you are learned and literary. To do this most effectively, and at the same time with the least trouble to yourself, it is recommended that you carry a book wherever you go; indeed, in the field of social effect, it has been determined and empirically, too, that nothing is better. You can be known, in time, as a learned person if you will make a habit of carrying a book at all times.

As far as the home is concerned, there is much disagreement as to whether bookishness is promoted or enhanced by bookends. One school says Yes; another, No.

If one loves books, of course, one might reasonably be expected to treat them nicely. On the other hand, if one uses books regularly they will soon assume a helter-skelter attitude. Try one arrangement and then another, and see which impresses your friends most.

It is, however, in the realm of therapy that books have probably achieved the greatest result. The discovery of the sulpha drugs is admittedly one of the greatest humanitarian accomplishments of the twentieth century, but the truth is that a good thick book—we always use the Columbia Encyclopedia, ourselves—can do something sulphathiazole fails completely at; we refer to that common ailment called *sacroiliac* in which the back lets go and makes bent-over and hobbling cripples out of strong men and beautiful women.

The cure is simple—when it works. All you have to do is put the volume on the floor, sit squarely on it, and then lie down. You will find that the back is arched considerably at this point—that's as it should be. Next, bend the right leg and bring the knee as close to the chest as the stomach permits, then let the bended leg fall over to the right as far as possible, and when it gets there straighten it out and put it in its normal position where it was before. Then do the same thing with the other leg. Keep this up until you are discouraged, then rise, pick up the book, and read the article on Coué. The improvement is sometimes amazing; but, whether it does you any good or not, your friends will find the position preposterous and highly entertaining.

In the matter of carriage, there is nothing like a book—"Hugger Mugger in the Louvre" is especially good—balanced on the head while walking slowly around the room. This puts all

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parts of the body just where they belong and promotes a superior attitude to the advantages of literature. Some time back, there was a silly cartoon, probably in *The New Yorker,* of two female, Hokinson travelers in some foreign land where the women carried Grecian urns (full of dynamic symmetry) on their heads. One of the ladies observes that in America they use books for that purpose. Someone misunderstood the true purpose of those vases—actually, the ladies were on their way to work and that was the customary way they had of carrying their overalls.

The effect of books upon the eye and brain is the important thing. Nothing rests the eyes better than letting them focus fuzzily on a good Ph.D. dissertation. The turning of pages at such times is recommended by some, but, personally, we see no need of this. Publication recently of a book by Aldous Huxley has engendered considerable interest in the exercise of the muscles of the eye. Huxley has his own methods of doing this. But the best way we know of is to hold an open book upside down and then read backwards; when done faithfully, this will enable you to achieve a recognizable strabismus in rather short order.

Another good eye exercise can be performed in such a way that it will also increase your reputation as a literary person. This entails only holding a book lovingly in the hand, or under the arm as you stand in front of a bookstore window watching the reflections of the people passing along the sidewalk in back of you. This will in time earn you a reputation, especially if you will wear horn-rimmed glasses and let your hair go.

Finally, in case a knowledge of the insides of books seems desirable, we recommend any of the many volumes that contain epitomes and bare outlines of stories and plots. But the books that you use for this purpose must be guarded carefully and kept under cover, lest the dust get into them, or your friends discover them. Under no circumstances, though, should you read these books more than ten minutes a day: the type in them is small, the books themselves are heavy, the wear and tear on the eyes and muscles of the forearm are considerable, and the effect on the brain — if you have one — is simply terrific.

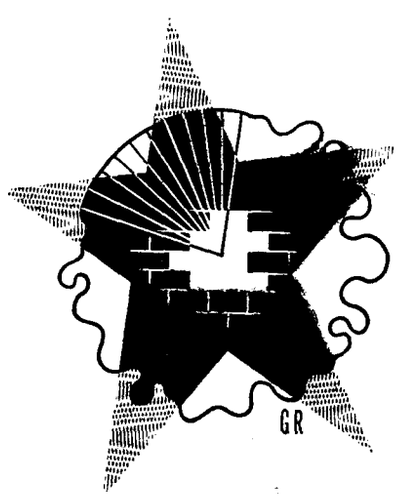
The Story of Mental Sickness

MIND, MEDICINE, AND MAN. By Gregory Zilboorg, M.D. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1943. 334 *pp. and index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by BERTRAM D. LEWIN, M.D.

THE importance and fruitfulness of considering unconsidered trifles are happily demonstrated in this new book by the author of "The Medical Man and the Witch during the Renaissance" and "A History of Medical Psychology." The coin the ploughman turns up reveals an empire; more to the point neurotic symptoms and dreams revealed to Freud a new realm of psychology. So, Dr. Zilboorg approaches everyday casual misconceptions concerning psychiatry and psychoanalysis, such as the idea that mind disease must be brain disease, or that a mental disorder must be incurable, in the best analytic tradition, which is also the tradition of historic science, and, if Spengler is right, the essence of our present culture. Trailing the history of such misconceptions, Dr. Zilboorg is led back to days long past when they were not misconceptions at all, but the very best thought, lay and medical, on the subject.

Kant protested in a letter to Herder that psychopathology should be studied not by medical men but by philosophers, and before that it was generally held that a mentally ill person was a witch, who should be tried and punished by theologians and lawyers. For his soul was sick, not his body. Nineteenth century medicine in general held to an extreme opposite view: mental illness was entirely due to brain disease or to heredity. This was a reaction that concealed the same proposition: the soul was invulnerable, except when its body was ill. Similarly Dr. Zilboorg's thorough answering of naive questions leads him back to the most elemental and knotty questions of mental and neurotic illness. What is mentally normal? Is crime an illness? Must psychiatry abjure religion and religion abjure psychoanalytic psychology? Why should doctors, not lawyers or priests, deal with the subject matter of psychiatry?



Dr. Zilboorg gives a novel answer to the latter question, an answer which immediately brings in social values. He believes that physicians are best qualified to handle the matter, not because of their special training in the medical sciences, but because they have the "intent to cure," which priest and lawyer lack, and because they are calm in the presence of pain and trouble. Dr. Zilboorg expounds the psychology of aggression as an instinctive force, and in an imaginary address to lawyers asks them to pause and consider whether they are not living too much in the past in their views on crime. His case is well argued, though naturally more is suggested than propounded.

Still in the robes of the medieval scholar, as it were, Dr. Zilboorg turns to the theological faculty and pleads for recognition, especially from Roman Catholics, of Freudian psychology. Freud's own avowed atheism, and perhaps some of his final personal bitterness against Austrian political Catholicism, should not prejudice their appraisal; thirty-five years after the psychology of Aristotle was rejected by the Church it became the official theory, and the basis of Thomistic moral philosophy. Freud, the author believes, can supply a better basis: the Freudian psychic apparatus is not to be confused with the theological idea of the soul.

This review cannot of course cover all the details that the author brings up. There is, for example, a very interesting discussion of the misconceptions of Jung, Adler, and other near-psychoanalysts. All of it is written smoothly, at times eloquently, the psycholical medicine is eminently sound, and the controversial parts are ably argued.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "A Piece of String," by Guy de Maupassant.
2. "The Battle of Blenheim," by Robert Southey.
3. "Grapes of Wrath," by John Steinbeck.
4. "The Devil and Daniel Webster," by Stephen Vincent Benét.
5. "The Revolt of Mother," by Mary Wilkins Freeman.
6. "They Knew What They Wanted," by Sidney Howard.
7. "Under the Lion's Paw," by Hamlin Garland.
8. "Lorna Doone," by Richard Blackmore.
9. "The Good Earth," by Pearl Buck.
10. "Tobacco Road," by Erskine Caldwell.

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THE DOOLITTLE MEN

THE murder of the Doolittle men who were captured by the Japanese should have furnished valuable material for writers and historians who are wisely saving the day-by-day records of this war for such time as the full, rounded story may be possible. But we hope the writers and historians were also able to find a place in their notes for the story of America's reaction to the news of the murder. For in that reaction was revealed an interesting and significant aspect of the American relationship to the war.

The news broke upon a stunned and bewildered nation. America was as incredulous as it was horrified, as shocked as it was outraged. It seemed inconceivable that the laws of warfare, such as they are, should thus be so brazenly violated. We were aghast that such things could happen even on the most degenerate level of conflict.

It is one thing to be outraged, another to be surprised. Why were we so surprised, so incredulous? Where have we been all these years when the same thing was happening on a vastly larger scale? What were we dreaming about when thousands of Chinese soldiers and civilians were killed by Japanese gas attacks? Where were the flaming headlines and the horror while the Japanese systematically were setting fire to countless undefended Chinese villages and cities? Where was our sense of outrage, as far back as ten years ago, when the Japanese were proved to have deliberately flooded China with opium, and to have directed the narcotic traffic, not only to sow the seeds of debilitation, the better to subjugate the country, but to profit from an international racket of tremendous scope?

And, finally, where were the American headlines when the Japanese themselves announced, only two days after they boasted of the execution of the American fliers, that the occupants of the Chinese villages near the places where the American planes were forced down were also murdered? These people were guilty of the crime of geography: their miserable little homes happened to be in the vicinity of the landings, so they were put to death, thousands of them. It is almost a game. Some call it Kwangtu. Others call it Lidice. Take a pin and stick it on the map—anywhere, it makes no difference. That gives you the place. Next you devise means to put the occupants of the place to death. Shall they be lined up and shot? Or perhaps that is too expensive. Maybe they can be crowded under a single roof and set afire. That would cost less, and the people would squirm more. For the next game, you can round up all people who live in odd-numbered houses and tear out their fingernails.

There is nothing far-fetched about this. The only thing that is far-fetched and inexplicable is our own inability to hear the thunder unless and until it breaks over our own heads. Nothing really happens until it happens to us. Earthquakes, famines? Oh, well, that is on the other side of the world. But we shall have to open our eyes after this. For there aren't two sides to the world anymore. When the thunder rolls it rolls over everyone's head. And whether we like it or not, the world has been locked together into a single piece, a world where distance has been challenged and overcome by man's propensity for getting places and getting there fast, a world where you can get from New York to China in less time than it took to get from New York to Washington a century and a half ago, a world where you may have violent disagreements with the fellow next door over everything except the fact that you are neighbors.

If America has been guilty of anything at all these past few years, it is a psychological insularity which apportions concern over events according to their physical proximity. But the Age of Innocence is over. Psychologically, at least and at last, we shall have to grow up and act like world citizens.

N. C.

After Seeing "Desert Victory"

By William Rose Benét

I SAW those faces before the blast began,
In each the features moulded to very man;
And every taut young face that gleamed with sweat
Seemed God-anointed, as I shall not forget—
Waiting the lighted dial on the wrist
That would explode the inferno of their tryst
With violence and death. They bore that chrism
Into the slamming and glaring cataclysm.
And through an unleashed utter fury of sound
I saw them walking the mined and deadly ground.
I saw them with the bayonet, bending, going
Across dark earth as against a great wind blowing,
Throwing themselves behind the rock for cover
Against the fountaining sand. Yet, like the lover
Who runs through an obliterated scene
Toward the one only realness, upon that screen
Firelit I saw them hurry toward their doom
That roared and battered in an iron room
Where loomed weird armor and where like plummets fell
Dive-bombers screaming for their rewards in Hell.

There burst the turn of battle upon one's eyes
In all the confusion of its huge surprise,
As some day it may shoulder from the page
In epic horror of an heroic age
Surpassing any Iliad, storming on
Past comprehension of a Xenophon!

Faces upon the screen: the Statesman's face
Of a stoic people and a fighting race;
The General's—lean, tenacious, houndlike zest—
His Enemy, blunt, sagacious, but outguessed;
The loathly Leaders, smirking and rubbing hands;
Prisoners, looking from the soul's lonely lands;
But, last as first, past hope and past despair,
Young waiting faces, moulded, in the flare
On the live darkness before the blast began,
Into the immortal lineaments of Man.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Mission to Moscow"

SIR: Since the Warner Brothers' epic "Mission to Moscow" is an adaptation of a book by the same name, a letter on the subject may reasonably crash your editorial gates.

The said book, of course, was a very free adaptation of Ambassador Joseph E. Davies's experiences and impressions in Russia. From his exceedingly voluminous reports and correspondence from Russia, Mr. Davies—or, at any rate, the several gentlemen who labored on this chore—selected an exceedingly small fraction carefully calculated to make a preconceived synthetic pattern. That was the book. I will guarantee that another set of scissors men, if given the ninety-odd percent of his reports which did not go into the book, could make any other kind of pattern, including one that said the exact opposite of what the book says.

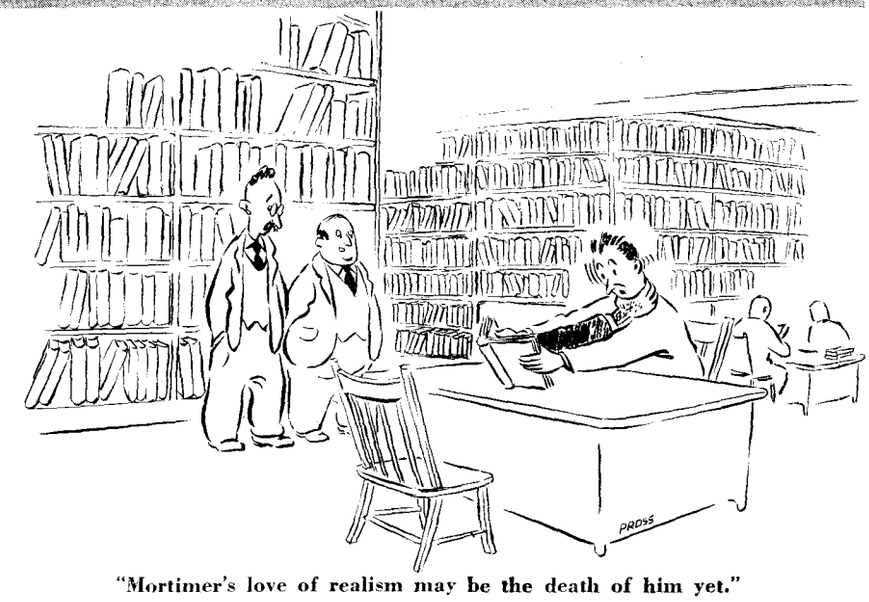
Those of us whose sense of decency was outraged by this process of selective reporting years after the fact—this profound achievement in hindsight—were naturally alarmed by the news that the grotesquerie would be translated to the silver screen. Now the translation has been released to the public. I want to attest that our worst fears were mild. The picture is so phony that even the book seems a model of objectivity by contrast. Those who cut and pasted up the Davies reports for the book could not avoid a few morsels and hints and echoes of the Soviet reality. The Warner Brothers experts, however, have not only eliminated such injudicious asides but have not hesitated to falsify the book to present a flawless Russia presided over by a flawless Stalin and reported by a flawless Ambassador.

Stalin, mustachios and all, talks about "we democracies." The voice of our President, offstage, booms command that Davies go through the nation and spread the "truth" about the USSR—truth that includes justification of the Stalin-Hitler Pact, the invasion of Finland and a few other little things on which Roosevelt's explicit opinions are available. The picture deliberately creates the impression that Russia is at grips with Japan. The purges that took tens of thousands of lives are boiled down to a neat Hollywood-style conspiracy. A general who did not get a public trial in fact gets one in this amazing picture. Though Davies himself intervened in behalf of one of the alleged intermediaries between Trotsky and the "conspirators," he is shown as accepting even this aspect of the Moscow trials. In his book Davies had admitted that his theory about the purges being a "fifth column" came to him years later, somewhere near Chicago, but in the film he makes the brilliant discovery straight off. Every diplomat who shows up on any set is a fool or a double-crosser except Joseph Superman Davies, the Wisconsin Boy Scout who alone sees all, knows all, and very nearly prevents war single-handedly. The time-gaining appeasement engineered by Stalin in the Moscow-Berlin pact is shown as virtuous strategy, in contrast with wicked appeasement by the Anglo-American-French-Polish appeasers. Even the chronology of events is cock-eyed, and of course, there is not a word or suggestion about Moscow-inspired interference with our war effort, or about any aspect of Soviet life below grade-A perfection.

When I first saw the obscenity I said that Hollywood was underestimating the intelligence of the American movie-goers. After reading the first reviews, however, I am not so sure.

EUGENE LYONS.

New York, N. Y.



"Mortimer's love of realism may be the death of him yet."

Walter Benton's Poetry

SIR: In your Spring issue Mr. Gustav Davidson reviewed, together with two other volumes of poetry, Walter Benton's book of poems, "This Is My Beloved." I, as one of the editors of this magazine, can testify that the periodical's reviewers are accustomed to express their opinions without fear or favor, and that that is quite as it should be. Nevertheless, I find myself in such total disagreement with this reviewer's opinion about a remarkable book, that I desire an audience to express what I feel.

An opinion of mine appears on the jacket of the book, together with favorable opinions by Louis Untermeyer, John Hall Wheelock, Van Wyck Brooks, Kenneth Fearing, William Carlos Williams, and Horace Gregory.

So far as I am concerned, certainly, I adhere *in toto* to what I am quoted as saying, namely that in "This Is My Beloved," Mr. Benton has written poetry that expresses, as it has never been expressed before, the delight and wonder experienced in young love, in which is implicit physical discovery, and that his rhapsodic celebration of it involves also an unconscious pathos. He mentions his beloved's body again and again. This seems to his reviewer, "Sex—stark, staring and salivous." It is most certainly Sex, but the above alliterative attitude toward that universal driving force of the human race is not so common as Mr. Davidson thinks—though it is common. The fact is that Mr. Benton writes with honesty and beauty about human love as a mixture of the physical and the spiritual, which it is. His reviewer will not credit him with any—or with very little—spirited ardor. Because this attitude has involved one of the oldest hypocrisies of man, in my youth statues were always adorned with fig-leaves, and even piano-legs sometimes wore skirts. The reviewer speaks of "passions in the raw" and "pornography masquerading as poetic exaltation." It is only necessary to open Mr. Benton's book at random to refute him.

As for mention of those things that Mr. Davidson would have clothed in "Unmentionables," I see nothing whatever wrong with the honest treatment, just as I never saw anything wrong with the Song of Songs that is Solomon's. Also it seems to me that the whole tone of the reviewer's appraisal of Mr. Benton's work contains an entirely unjustified sneer. As for what is called the "orchidaceous" dress of the book, it happens to have been designed by one who is probably the best book designer and calligrapher in the country, W. A. Dwiggins.

In closing, may I again quote myself, "Those who are not afraid of the strange miracle of life will understand this brave verse." The opinions of others, more eminent in literature than I, may be consulted by anyone who buys the book.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

New York, N. Y.

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TRADE Winds

ONE OF THE MOST eagerly awaited novels of the year is Richard Llewellyn's "None but the Lonely Heart," which Macmillan will publish sometime next month. This comment from the *London Bookseller* will give an idea of what it is like:

> The title of Llewellyn's new book is deceptive. Readers of that sad, lovely, nostalgic book, "How Green Was My Valley," will probably expect something of the same sort. "None but the Lonely Heart," however, is shatteringly different. Let me say at once that I applaud Richard Llewellyn for his courage in writing it. It must have been a great temptation to write again about the Welsh people and country he knows and loves so well. In "None but the Lonely Heart" he has looked at life through the eyes of an inarticulate young Londoner whose horizon is bounded by mean streets; whose only recreation is the tawdry fun fair; whose ambition is to be in the money; for whom women are a source of tantalizing and unsatisfied desire. Like the earlier book, it is entirely written in the idiom of its characters. There is, you would think, a world of difference between the musical rhythms of Welsh phraseology and the coarse, humorous, often ugly speech of the Cockney. But the Cockney idiom gets you just the same. How Richard Llewellyn has got under the skin of the poverty-handicapped Londoner I do not know, but he has astonishingly succeeded. The style and speech of his characters are authentic, as authentic as Arthur Morrison and Dickens when they wrote of the London and the Londoners they knew. There is this difference. Richard Llewellyn spares us nothing. The picture he paints has not omitted the warts. It is, to change the metaphor, loud, even strident, harsh and humorous, with all (or nearly all) the unlovely vocabulary which our grandfathers and fathers politely suppressed in print. Even today many people will be shocked by the frankness and realism of this book.
>
> It will be a vast pity if this warning of mine discourages any adult and intelligent reader from reading "None but the Lonely Heart." This is not a book diffusing sweetness and light. But I am prepared to wager my month's egg ration that most readers will rate it as greater than "How Green Was My Valley." . . .

WILLIAM BLAKE is an executive of the New York Central Railroad, and, although he is not to be confused with the author of "Tiger, Tiger," evidently keeps an eye on literary goings-on. Irwin Edman recently had to cancel a reservation on the Twentieth Century and take a train out of Chicago that left a few hours later. The next day he actually remembered to put in a requisition for a refund of the extra-fare payment levied on Century ticket-holders. A check was forthcoming immediately along with this note from the Central's William Blake: "I had been expecting this request, Mr. Edman, since I listened in on your broadcast of Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason' on the Invitation to Learning program and figured that you must have made a change in your itinerary." Irwin Kant get over it. . . .

RICHARD TREGASKIS, author of "Guadalcanal Diary," writes about a friendly encounter between an American Navy officer and a cannibal chief. The officer visited the chief's village, and, in the course of the ensuing pow-wow, pleaded, "If you see American soldiers come down from sky in parachutes, you must not eat them. They are here to protect you from Japs." The Chief replied, "No eat white men—too bitter." . . . Tregaskis, incidentally, is due home from the Solomons, and it is rumored that he will have the manuscript of a new book in his portfolio. His royalties on "Guadalcanal Diary" already amount to over sixty thousand dollars. A few short years ago he was selling Singer Sewing Machines during his summer vacation in order to pay his next year's tuition at Harvard! . . . . Halcyon House's "Digests of Famous French Novels" includes a 100,000 word condensation of *Doubleday's* condensation of "Les Miserables," which ran to 300,000 words. This is beginning to have all the earmarks of an endless chain. . . .

HOME FRONT

"Carry the two ends around the head above the ears and cross (not tie) just below the bump at the back of the head. . . ."

"WAR AND PEACE" has been in greater demand in England, even, than it has here, but, because of severe paper rationing, it was out of print there entirely for two years. A few weeks ago Dent's brought out a new edition in their Everyman's Library. It was divided into two volumes, and 50,000 sets were printed. Three days after publication, not a single set could be found in a London bookshop! In America, the Inner Sanctum edition is still on the best seller lists, and in the Modern Library Giants it continues to outsell its nearest rival two to one. . . . Control of the Encyclopedia Britannica, now in its 175th year, has been transferred to the University of Chicago by Sears, Roebuck, who published it since 1920. At that time, Julius Rosenwald, president of Sears, assumed the role of savior when post-war bankruptcy of the publishers threatened complete destruction of the plates. The Britannica will now be under the control of a Board of Directors, of which Mr. William Benton, Vice-President of the University of Chicago, is Chairman. Association of a university with the Britannica is not a wholly new departure, points out President Hutchins; the eleventh edition bore the name of Cambridge University. Henceforth the Encyclopedia is to be kept up to date by continuous annual revision, which will eliminate the necessity for periodical new editions. To date the change in control has produced no new developments whatever in our campaign to pry a review set loose for the "Trade Winds" department of *SRL*. Does Mr. Benton absolutely insist that we stump those hard-pressed experts on "Information Please?" . . . .

THE ALERT *New Yorker* selects for its "Neatest Trick of the Week" a sentence from Carter Dickson's whodunit, "The Bowstring Murders," which reads: "Dr. Tairlaine sat, fondling his grayish spike of beard with his half-closed eyes, brooding over the late summer loveliness of the English countryside." . . . Somebody smuggled in a Nazi picture magazine which features a page of exhibits of "Degenerate American Culture." Featured, if you please, are a photograph of the talented and attractive Hazel Scott at the piano and cartoons from Charles Addams's hilarious "Drawn and Quartered!" . . . . Dent Smith wagers that few moderns who, on various occasions, have alluded to Joe Miller's joke books have the faintest idea of when they

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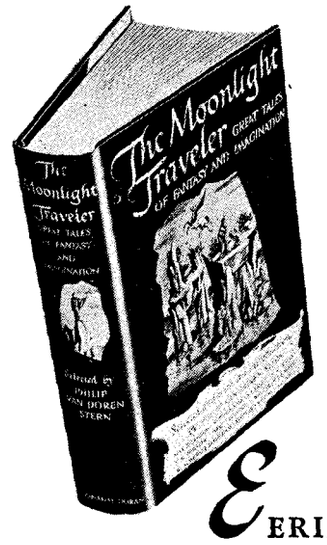
"Stupid! I asked for a headline saying that because Mrs. De Puyster didn't join the WAACs she was *ostracized*, not *Ostrich-sized!*"

were compiled. There were two books of his japeries, and, believe it or not, they were published in England in 1739! . . . . The F.B.I. is on the trail of Carl von Clausewitz. The Military Service Publishing Company recently published his "Principles of War," and a federal investigator promptly descended upon Richard McCloskey, the editor, to find how a German Army officer had gotten into the country, and why he had not registered as an enemy alien. Mac explained that the learned general had been in his grave for exactly 112 years. The investigator settled for a good cigar. . . . Mabel Seeley, author of Crime Club's "Eleven Came Back," alleges that at a recent hanging, the condemned man, asked if he had a final message to deliver, remarked pointedly, "No noose is good noose!" . . . .

A CORRESPONDENT who is writing a book about the Alcan Road, tells of a speech made to a group of Army fliers in Alaska by their C.O. on the eve of a bombing raid on Kiska. "Men," said the C.O., "tomorrow's stint is one of the toughest we've ever tackled. The enemy has received reinforcements. We are using our oldest planes. There's a hell of a storm brewing. We'll be lucky if one out of four of us ever gets back alive. We take off at seven sharp. And if any one of you is thirty seconds late, dammit, *he can't come with us!*" . . . . Jim Tully's new book, "A Dozen and One," is notable chiefly for a revealing and unsparing portrait of Charlie Chaplin. In a foreword, the amiable Damon Runyon, who is getting to be the introducingest gentleman since the late Hugh Walpole, suggests that Tully is among "the first five writers in America." Maybe Damon forgot to add a cipher or two. . . . The publishing business serves as a background for the new Mr. and Mrs. North mystery story, "Death Takes a Bow," by the Lockridges. It is published by Lippincott. . . .

I AM STILL receiving letters about my column on old song hits, chronologically arranged. In general, it was liked so well that I propose to follow it shortly by a similar compilation of the great motion picture hits, for these too are mentioned by countless authors seeking to create the proper atmosphere and timing of a chapter or episode. Some correspondents deplored the omission of their favorite old songs, evidently failing to realize that I simply did not have room to list any more. One unpardonable omission, however, pointed out to me by no less than three "indignant subscribers," was "Melancholy Baby." This lovely and nostalgic tune was written in 1912, and is still a sure fire encore for any orchestra, sweet or hot. There is a story connected with its composition that I have been unable to verify. The legend goes that George Norton, who wrote the lyrics, was at a railroad station, waiting for the arrival of his best girl. Word came through that the train was delayed. While the young man paced impatiently up and down the platform, the theme of "Melancholy Baby" began to take shape in his mind. Barely had he jotted down the last lines on the back of an envelope when the station master gave him sad tidings. The train he was waiting for had been wrecked; the girl was one of the victims. Neither Norton, nor Ernie Bernett, who composed the melody, has written another song hit since that day. . . .

BENNETT CERF



EERIE and supernatural stories, delicate poetic fantasies, distorted tales that have the dream-like quality of surrealist paintings—these are all gathered into a new anthology by Philip Van Doren Stern, famous author of *The Drums of Morning*. Startling in its weird binder of blue and lavendar, *THE MOONLIGHT TRAVELER* makes the ideal bedside companion. *Includes:*

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ROADS OF DESTINY *by O. Henry*
ALL HALLOWS *by Walter de la Mare*
LORD MOUNTDRAGO *by W. Somerset Maugham*
"WIRELESS" *by Rudyard Kipling*
SAM SMALL'S BETTER HALF *by Eric Knight*
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Building the Churchill Tradition

YOUNG LADY RANDOLPH. By René Kraus. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1943. 372 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

"MR. JEROME," wrote young Randolph Churchill to his father the Duke of Marlborough, "is obliged to live in New York to look after his business." Lord Randolph was young, desperately in love with Jennie Jerome, who was living in Paris with her mother. His father was old-fashioned and rather severe; but I am sure Mr. Kraus is wrong in suggesting that the Duke would not have understood the real explanation of the Jeromes' separation; which is, according to him, that Jerome had been, for several years, too conspicuously attentive to Adelina Patti, so that his wife left him. Apart from that old story the form of Lord Randolph's "explanation" is delicious, and marks glaringly the gap between the seventies of last century and today; "obliged to live in New York." Quite naturally the Englishman assumes that no one, with the chance and the cash to live in London or Paris, would choose to live in New York, even though he owned the *Herald-Tribune.*

This book, for all its faults, actual errors of fact (Mr. Kraus even invents a Mrs. Arthur Balfour and makes Lily Langtry an opera singer), is a fascinating record not only of a past epoch, but of a great and tragic love affair, and of a marriage which resulted, with the birth of Winston Churchill, in something which may yet prove the most important fact in the establishment of stable and firmer friendship between the United States of America and the British Commonwealth of free nations.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Kraus should be so poorly acquainted with the England to which Jennie Jerome went on her marriage to Lord Randolph Churchill in 1874. The place of the marriage was, in its way, symbolic for it was held at the British Embassy in Paris; and at that time England was divided between those who, following Queen Victoria's nostalgic yearnings, had a sentimental attraction to Germany, and those who, following reason and an older tradition, knew that France was the natural friend and ally of England.

Mr. Kraus lists a fair number of authorities for his story of the years that followed the marriage; but he would have been better instructed had he read, instead of such dull journalists as T. H. Escott, the mingled scandal and sense of Grenville Murray, the gossipy records of Ralph Nevill, and consulted more diligently the files of *Punch, The World,* and *Truth.* He has a quite unbalanced opinion of the displacement caused in London's political and social circles by the arrival of the beautiful American. Lady Randolph, to whom he naively ascribes Gladstone's defeat in 1886, was never so important politically as he argues. As a daring social hostess she could not challenge the claims of that gallant and fascinating liberal, Lady Dorothy Nevill, who welcomed Joseph Chamberlain to her home, when he was a republican, and John Burns when he was a revolutionary socialist. As a political hostess she must yield to Lady Jeune, afterwards Lady St. Helier; and throughout her career as a woman of influence she owed at least nine-tenths of her impact on English thinking partly to her dazzling beauty, and to the mere fact that she was the wife of a Churchill. In her quiet way I am not sure that Mrs. Humphry Ward did not move as many people; and it is certain that Lady Randolph, for all her charm and brilliance, never approached the general influence exercised by Margot Tennant who married that rising man, Herbert Asquith.

There are many small signs in this book which show that Mr. Kraus is not very familiar with England, either of yesterday or the day before. He calls the Abbey Church of Westminster "the Cathedral"; he is far too glib in his references to the "middle-class," even going so far as to hail Edward VII as "King of the Middle-Classes"—whereas Edward shocked the middle-classes as much as did Lord Rosebery, as much as he pleased the easy children of the post-Victorian epoch, and the sporting people and the new rich. Mr. Kraus muddles his dates, referring to Michael Hicks-Beach as "an old gentleman" in 1886, compared to Randolph Churchill who was his contemporary, and explains Lady Randolph's friendship with John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie, not Mrs. *Craig,* as Mr. Kraus names her) as "one of her habitual friendships with older women" when Mrs. Craigie was at least fifteen years younger than Jennie Jerome.

—*From the book*
Lady Randolph

Mr. Kraus, in fact—and who shall blame him?—has lost his heart to the American woman who seemed to have the secret of perpetual youth. To his narrative of her personal life no exception can be taken. It is a personal as well as a public tragedy that Lord Randolph, more brilliant than Joseph Chamberlain, a better mixer than Arthur Balfour, a cleverer statesman than any of his contemporaries except perhaps Lord Salisbury, should have fallen a victim to that dread disease, general paralysis, which affected not only his physical but his mental health. It is clear enough that, years before his acknowledged condition of chronic invalidism, Lord Randolph became erratic in judgment, violent in expression, uncertain in opinion. No one spoke openly of his illness; Lord Salisbury showed tact and kindness in easing an impossible colleague out of positions for which he was too evidently incapable. During those years Lady Randolph showed a loyalty, a devotion, and an unfailing love which exalt her into the rank of the heroic wives of history. When I was a boy I was told that, on the last tragic journey round the world taken in an endeavor to distract and help her husband, Lady Randolph traveled not only with the physician but with a coffin, so doubtful were they of her husband's recovery. It may be a legend; but the fact remains that this gallant and lovely woman spared herself no pain and no trouble if she could bring any comfort to her doomed and dying husband.

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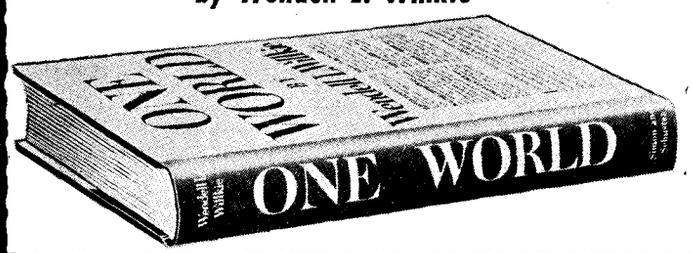
ONE WORLD

by Wendell L. Willkie



Never has America taken a book to its heart so quickly as it has Mr. Willkie's great personal story of his world trip. As this announcement goes to press on May 4, 1,000,000 copies of *One World* have been printed. Reason: as Clifton Fadiman said, "This is not a book, it is a searchlight." Price $2.00 in cloth, $1.00 in pamphlet form.

This is Jerome Weidman's first non-hardboiled novel. It is a sensitive and searching story of a boy who is suddenly catapulted from childhood into adulthood. Framed in the tense background of a transatlantic voyage just before the war, it is a mystery without crime, without spies; a mystery about the motives of human beings. Price $2.50

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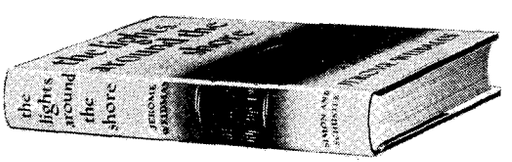
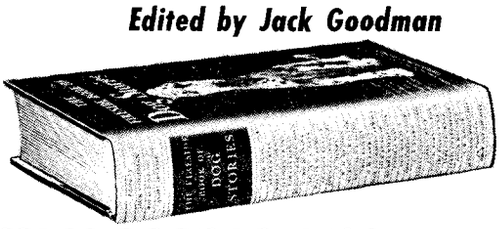
by Jerome Weidman

author of "I Can Get It For You Wholesale"



THE FIRESIDE BOOK OF DOG STORIES

Edited by Jack Goodman



This Great Dane among anthologies contains virtually every great story ever written about dogs. There are two complete novels, three novelettes and thirty-two short stories by writers as varied as Jack London, Booth Tarkington and Stephen Crane. With an introduction by James Thurber. 310th thousand (including Book-of-the-Month Club distribution.) Price $3.00

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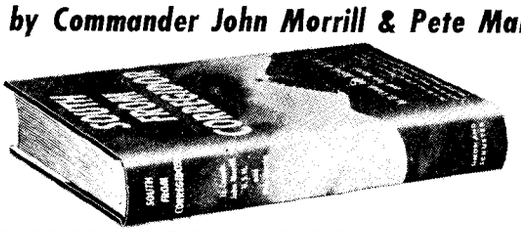
ADMIRAL H. S. YARNELL, U. S. N. (Retired)

NOTE: *A small portion of this book has appeared in the Saturday Evening Post under the title "Eighteen Men and a Boat."* Price $2.50

SOUTH FROM CORREGIDOR

by Commander John Morrill & Pete Martin



SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS • ROCKEFELLER CENTER • NEW YORK CITY

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A New Heroine in Literature

She Can Use Both A Veil and A Service Cap

MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

THERE is a new heroine in literature. She has emerged this time not in romance or lyric, but in economic analysis, in war history, in factual biography, or self-told story. But for sheer adventure, for strange and new settings, for vitality as well as charm, she is a heroine who makes most of her predecessors seem pallid and limited.

She is often as beautiful as a heroine ever has been. She is no Amazon nor breastless female warrior. She does not allow herself to become or to be considered unsexed, no matter what she does on the battle-line or in the factory. She is mother and lover and wife, just as she always has been, and as often as she can be. She likes men, and gets along with them better than she has for years. She has more to talk about with men, because she understands their jobs and what they go through away from home. And for that reason and because of her present performance, men have a new liking for her.

Not only is she an outstanding contemporary type but she is the fashion. It is her service cap, her factory bandanna, her flowered hats, and foolish veils that will be period pictures. But the thing that is new about this woman of the Second World War is that she sees nothing inconsistent in owning a service cap and also a provocative veil. She likes both. She often intends to have both and that is where she differs from the woman of the First World War, who usually believed that she must make a choice and rule out the one if she had the other.

There is hardly a convention for women which the new heroine has not broken. Old clichés are tossed out of her window, one after another. The theory that woman's proper place was in the home has gone long since. Other theories, that women can not stand up to long hard jobs, that they destroy morale in industrial plants, that they can not make machine tools, that they have to take three days off from work every month, have also gone by the board. And along with the rest goes even the nostalgic belief that the standard of good eating is "what mother used to make."

There is a great emergence of women into new fields of work and life which produces this new heroine. The war is responsible for its timing, of course. But quite obviously women were ready for it. The capabilities they have proved, the capacities they have revealed, did not come down in tongues of fire and have not been developed in a year or two. They were ready for use.

Nor is what is happening today merely a repetition or exaggeration of what women have done in previous great wars. Parallels can be drawn between what women are doing now and what they did in the First World War. But it is not the same thing over again, merely multiplied. What women are doing in munition plants today is not the modern version of filling the powder horn in the stockade. There is something more profound and more permanent in this sharing, by women and men, of war from the battle line to the shipyards and finally to the forum for discussion of the future. It does not matter basically how many women, at the end of the shooting, return to duties as housekeepers and give up war jobs. They will not be the same kind of housekeepers and even their motherhood will have struck a new note. The pattern of woman's life is being altered.

That there is a general awareness of this is proved by the tremendous number of books, articles, pamphlets, and news stories about women's part in this war. Two years ago, just before Pearl Harbor, it was my task to assemble and record some data about women's part in the last war and their readiness for this one. The references were scant and the records incomplete. There is not a great deal of literature about the part women played in the last war and there are gaps in the files. It was, as everyone knows, only after the war that the Women's Bureau in the United States began an adequate record of American women in industry.

—OWI Poster

But now the case is quite different. Some twelve months ago Miss Florence Hellman, chief bibliographer of the Library of Congress, compiled a list of references to women's part in World War II. There were 748 references, covering all fields of women's activity in the United States, Great Britain, Canada, Australia, China, Finland, France, Germany, Russia, India, Japan, Italy, and Latin America. Many references were to articles and pamphlets, but the list included twenty books on the women of Great Britain, which must have been written practically under blitz. In the last year this list has grown like Jack's beanstalk.

THESE books about women are not always written only for women or only by women. They are written by newspapermen who find women exciting "stories," by army men who find women need advice and deserve praise, by Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, by Ann Leighton, and Julia Flikke, superintendent of the Army Nurse Corps, who in the middle of all her pressing duties found time to write a 240 page book of intense interest. They are written by Herbert Burstein and Jan Struther, by Russell Birdwell, who wrote about English women for American women, and by Ethel Gorham, who is a fashion writer for a Fifth Avenue store. They are light and serious, informative, instructive, exciting—there is only one rule. They must tell the truth.

Rather inaccurately, for the books sometimes fit into two or more classifications, they can be grouped as those which are primarily directive, those which are informational and descriptive and inspirational, and those which are straight autobiography. American books in the first group are the products of planned research. It has been obvious that women needed to know what new fields were open, where the fields were, and who was eligible to go into them. To assemble and publish the facts was not only meeting a popular demand but also performing a patriotic duty. A girl might want to serve her country but there was no selective service system, in this country at least, to claim her or to direct her to the WAAC, the munitions plant, or to the shipyards, or

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Which comes first— Your second helping? or our second front?

YOU WANT TO SEE THIS WAR WON — and won quickly. You want to see it carried to the enemy with a vengeance. Okay—so do all of us. But just remember...

A second front takes food... food to feed our allies *in addition to* our own men.

Which do you want — more meat for you, or enough meat for them? An extra cup of coffee on your breakfast table, or a full tin cup of coffee for a fighting soldier?

Just remember that the meat you don't get— and the coffee and sugar that you don't get—are up at the front lines—fighting for you.

Would you have it otherwise?

Cheerfully co-operating with rationing is one way we can help to win this war. But there are scores of others. Many of them are described in a new free booklet called "You and the War," available from this magazine. Send for your copy today! Learn about the many opportunities for doing an important service to your country.

Read about the Citizens Defense Corps, organized as part of Local Defense Councils. Choose the job you're best at, and start doing it! You're *needed*—now!

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EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

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The author of
MOON TIDE
gives you
"Another memorable novel" —Chicago Tribune

South from Yesterday

By WILLARD ROBERTSON

The story of a man who followed the lure of a ship to strange places—and found a great love!

"Milo Mahan is the hero of an interesting, powerful and savage novel. Try SOUTH FROM YESTERDAY, meet again the same sure grasp of the psychology and manners of simple, troubled, uneducated people. An engrossing tale, told tersely and swiftly."
—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times*

"Vivid, earthy characters . . . taut suspense, swift moving action. It is hard to imagine the reader who after starting it could drop it until its dramatic climax."
—*N. Y. Sun*

"O.K. for sound!" — PHIL STONG, *The Saturday Review*.

$2.50

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
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New York

tell her that she ought to stay home.

So publishers and authors have tried to meet this need, and now, if a girl can go to a public library, she will find recently published books to help her. She may be given "Your Career in Defense," by Shelby Davis, or "Your Job in American Victory," by Theodore Barrett, or the new volume "Wanted: Women in War Industry," by Laura Nelson Baker; or all three (if they are not already in use) may be handed over the counter.

Mr. Davis and Mr. Barrett discuss jobs for men and women as part of a labor pool and their thorough handbooks approach the subject from that angle. Mr. Davis approaches the subject of war industry in a more personal and informal way than does Mr. Barrett, and, though his coverage is less complete, his is a friendly, suggestive book. The organization of the book puts much of his data into appendices, which list for the novices the great variety of jobs available in different industries and give special place to the jobs handled by women in the last war. Mr. Barrett's book goes very completely into the prerequisite of training for hundreds of jobs, and every successive step in job-getting is made clear. There could hardly be a more satisfactory book for a puzzled patriotic man or woman whose energies are not already in full use.

Mrs. Baker's book, introduced with commendation by Mrs. Elinore Herrick, who should know better than most people when a book on women in industry is worth reading, deals only with the subject of women in war industry. It offers descriptions and pictures, showing what women can do to help win the war in many ways, from designing safety clothing to making electrical eyes for Army and Navy planes. It is hot off the press, completely up to date, full of advice, caution, and explicit direction. It includes one thing which often must be hunted out, an appendix with labor laws relating to women. Though the book was written to meet a wartime need and preserve a wartime record, it should be kept in every library, not forgetting high school ones, until its usefulness is exhausted, and there is no present telling when that would be true.

So there are available excellent books as guides for women who want to go into industry. Handbooks also exist for women who have other ambitions. "Nurses in Action," written by Colonel Julia Flikke, is not only a history of army nursing but a manual for the present. In it, the superintendent of the Army Nurse Corps, shows how nursing has progressed and shaken itself free of inhibitions from the time when a recruiting circular in the American Civil War stated: "No woman under thirty years need apply to serve in Government hospitals. All nurses are required to be very plain looking women. Their dresses must be of brown or black."

Now an army nurse need be only twenty-one, and if she is pretty, as well as capable, so much the better.

Like the other sound books which are really trying to do a job in channeling the energies and abilities of modern girls, this book tells exactly what credentials, age, and training are necessary if one wishes to be an army nurse. There is no false ballyhoo. It is all set down in print, the difficulties and the attractiveness of the life, the chances to see the world, the hard work and danger involved in seeing it. Women who are not qualified to be nurses ought to read this book to find out what other women are doing in strange places all over the world, amid blood and disaster. It would humble many a woman's club.

These are only a few of the factual books. There are many others and will be more. Much excellent information exists, too, in articles and pamphlets which will doubtless find its way into book form, so that any girl who can read and who means business in this war can make a sensible choice for herself, between industry and army auxiliaries. But if her involvement in the war is less direct, and if she cannot take a job, there is many a book for her interests too.

Our army has grown from a hundred thousand men to many million. That means that there are millions of women married to soldiers who have no idea of what army organization means, who are completely ignorant of army traditions or exigencies. They are apt to blunder or to get underfoot if they do not understand how to be army wives.

These women should buy, borrow, or, if necessary, steal the "Army Guide for Women." It is written by Marion Dilts and should make any woman a good army wife if she follows its directions. It defines her privileges and her duties, tells her about pay and allowances, gives her pages of insignia to study so she will "know the difference," and with no waste words tells her when it is possible and advisable for her to live with her husband. Women who are following their husbands around from camp to camp should have this book along, even if they have to leave their extra shoes behind. Or perhaps they could memorize parts of it.

If they do decide to stay at home, they will not be neglected, for there are writers who have taken up the case of the woman whose husband has gone to war, and in one way or another can tell her what to do to make the most of her energies. "Civilian Defense of the

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United States," by Colonel Ernest Dupuy and Lieutenant Hodding Carter, is available to set out in specific detail, ways in which women and men may serve their community on the civilian front. It, too, has compiled lists of things to do, lists which jog the conscience and remind the reader of talents in napkins. For some women the advice in this book will be soundly directive. For others it may be too impersonal.

Some girls at home whose husbands have gone to war and are anxious to make the best of a kind of life which they feel is strictly temporary should be given Ethel Gorham's book which takes its subject by the horns with the title "So Your Husband's Gone to War." If he has, here are ideas about what a girl can do who has wartime on her hands, and wants to face the facts. If she is puzzled as to how to behave as a war grass-widow, as to what to tell her children, and as to how to prepare for the day when she will again live normally with her husband, here are plenty of ideas against which she can match her own.

THE impressive thing about all the advice offered to women is that it is so practical. It doesn't preach. It may laugh. It may warn. But such books as these manuals and semi-manuals assert the fact over and over again that the woman of today has new and special tasks. They take it for granted that women want to do the new tasks that may come their way better than might be expected, and to do the familiar classic tasks of women better than they have ever been done before, and in accordance with modern demands. For example, it is agreed that it is immensely important to keep the family unit normal in wartime. And this quotation from a book called "Eat Well for Less Money," by Gaynor Maddox, who spent twelve years in collecting the material for it, is significant. It appears in a chapter called "Feeding the Industrial Worker."

> When a member of the family works at night the meal problem becomes particularly complicated for the menu-planner. . . . One answer is the overlapping meal, the children's breakfast and the worker's supper. If at all practical, the whole family should sit down together at this meal. The importance of normal family life on the night worker's morale must never be overlooked. But when, as sometimes happens, school and working hours make this adjustment impossible, the best way is to plan foods which can be prepared at one time, but cooked separately for the two groups.

So homely but so scientific a statement is that.

At the end of this war women will

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have thousands of stories to tell of what happened to them, and thousands will be told about them. Such stories are already beginning to appear. There is that of Lieutenant Juanita Redmond, who served on Bataan and survived to write a book modest and dramatic enough to prove her own heroism. There is Ann Leighton's personal narrative called "While We Are Absent," the story-as-it-went-along of a wife who had to do without the husband she loved and to keep their home going in wartime. Those two books, taken together, illustrate more than a gamut of experience, more than the difference between what goes on at the battlelines and far back of them. It is not just that Juanita Redmond followed the litter-bearers over rocks and roots and through ravines, trying to guide their steps with a flashlight, while Ann Leighton in her orchard tried to figure out how to take care of her peach trees. The difference between these autobiographies illustrates the overlapping mood of modern women. Both women are brave, sincerely humble, able to be self-sufficient. But to Ann Leighton the world still is a man's world in which she, because of war, must do a man's job. She does it with diligence and thoughtfulness and humor and charm but sometimes her work seems ridiculous or unseemly to her.

To Juanita Redmond, in her stark, simple autobiography, there is no sense of boundary between the world of men and women. We are all in danger together. She writes:

> I am happier on duty. When I have work to do, I can get too tired to lie awake remembering the soldiers, the doctors, the nurses who are my friends and are prisoners of the Japanese.

IF we had only as much literature which we can trust on hand as we have now, we would already have plenty of evidence that the woman of this war is truly a heroine. Not only does she accept her part but she seeks her task. All women do not come up to the standard, of course. But it is the standard that is important. More and more women are realizing that to be effective they must be matter of fact; that the thing that counts is getting the job done, "whether it is done by a man or a woman, by Madame Socialist or Mr. Janitor's wife," as Russell Birdwell says in his book on English women, "Women in Battle Dress." That book is a record of achievements of the women of Britain and it proves again that they are attaining new recognition not by claiming rights but by proving capacities.

Today, says Russell Birdwell, if you try to take a Land Girl away from an English farm, the farmer will reach for his pitchfork. Today in England, the industrialist will tell you that women are indispensable to the winning of the war. That statement begins to be echoed here. It is re-echoed from Russia. Such boastfulness as comes from a sense of incapacity is disappearing from what women say and think of themselves in all free countries. There is no false humility, no yielding on the desire for opportunity for development. But antagonisms between the sexes are disappearing and perhaps some day they will be gone for good.

Madame Chiang Kai-Shek says it best, as usual, in her little book "We Chinese Women," which is a compilation of her speeches and writings durings the first year of the United Nations War. She is the greatest heroine, the most charming and beautiful woman, the deepest thinker, the bravest woman that this war has given to the world. She has a right to define the new pattern for women and she does. Thus:

> The main consideration before the minds of women today should not be what they have to demand from the world but what they have to give to the world, now and in the future. We must assume half of the responsibility for the welfare of humanity and from this belief should spring our faith in ourselves.

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Fifteen Suggested Titles on Womanpower

CIVILIAN DEFENSE OF THE UNITED STATES, by Col. R. Ernest Dupuy and Lt. Hodding Carter. Farrar & Rinehart.

YOUR CAREER IN DEFENSE, by Shelby Cullom Davis. Harper's.

EAT WELL FOR LESS MONEY, by Gaynor Maddox. (Chapter: "Feeding the Industrial Worker.") Dutton.

YOUR JOB AND AMERICAN VICTORY, by Theodore Barrett. Pub. by George Stewart.

WOMEN IN BATTLE DRESS, by Russell Birdwell. Fine Editions Press.

ARMY GUIDE FOR WOMEN, by Marion M. Dilts. Longmans.

NURSES IN ACTION, by Col. Julia O. Flikke, A.U.S. Lippincott.

WE CHINESE WOMEN, by Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek. John Day.

WOMEN FOR DEFENSE, by Margaret Culkin Banning. Duell, Sloan & Pearce.

I SERVED ON BATAAN, by Juanita Redmond. Lippincott.

SO YOUR HUSBAND'S GONE TO WAR, by Ethel Gorham. Doubleday, Doran.

WHILE WE ARE ABSENT, by Ann Leighton; Atlantic Monthly Press. Little, Brown & Company.

WOMEN'S PART IN WORLD WAR II. A list of references compiled by Florence S. Hellman. The Library of Congress, Division of Bibliography.

WANTED: WOMEN IN WAR INDUSTRY, by Laura Nelson Baker. Dutton.

WOMEN IN WAR: A COMPLETE GUIDE TO SERVICE IN THE ARMED FORCES AND WAR INDUSTRIES, by Herbert Burstein. Service Publishing Company.

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Roundup of the New Books For Young People

ALICE M. JORDAN

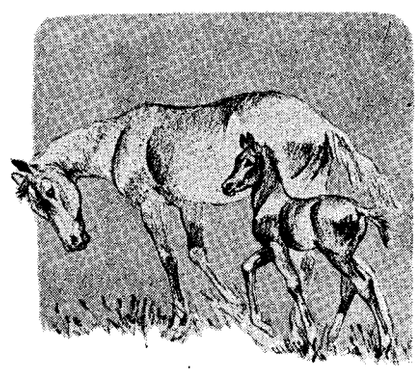
LIKE the place names in the headlines or maps in the daily newspapers, the spring assembly of books for children carries our thoughts over the globe. Not that this is a new tendency in children's books. The year 1942 was remarkable for its succession of satisfying stories based on personal experience in countries beyond the borders of the United States. To better that showing would be difficult, yet the spring books of 1943, too, touch a wide variety of peoples.

Anne Merriman Peck, who is, fortunately, artist as well as author, tells a kindly story for younger readers in "Manoel and the Morning Star" (Harper's). Her many delightful illustrations, in sepia and in color, made during her stay at Bahia last year, give an enlightening idea of boy life along the water front of that South American port. Manoel lived near the harbors where boats from the great world came in and his fondest ambition was to sail with his friend, the captain of the *Morning Star* who cruised along the coast.

In "Smoky Bay" (Macmillan), Steingrimur Arason writes of Iceland with the warmth of a man looking back on his own childhood affectionately, eager to show other boys how, in spite of a rocky, barren soil and wintry storms, Iceland supports farms, raises sheep, and mothers loyal hearts. At the same time he admits the alluring call of the American way of life to an enterprising boy. The story centers in a boy's determination to gain his parents' consent for a visit to an uncle in Dakota. Mr. Arason evidently writes out of knowledge, perhaps experience not unlike that of Jon in the story, who shared in the hard work on his father's farm and dreamed of another land.

Out of the dramatic escapes constantly reported from Norway comes Kitty Barne's "We'll Meet in England" (Dodd, Mead), which might well be as true as it is exciting. Here, a spirited English mother aids her two children to set sail on the ramshackle boat of a battered English sailor, to avoid being sent to a Youth encampment in Germany. Plenty of ingenuity is required in the secret preparations which must elude Nazi curiosity, while genuine endurance and fortitude are demanded on the dangerous voyage. The story moves swiftly, brightened by the humor and quick wits of the entire family, who are admirably drawn.

"Shark Hole," by Nora Burglon (Holiday House), appears to be the first story of modern Hawaii for children, at least since Pearl Harbor. It is unusual, too, in that the children concerned in it all belong to the mixed blood population, predominant in the islands. Though this is not a war story Miss Burglon was living in Hawaii in December, 1941. She writes with sympathy about a group of strongly individual children, influenced by diverse backgrounds and environments, but with childlike qualities, common to all. Hawaiian customs and tropical island



—*From "Michael the Colt."*

scenery combine to give an exotic flavor to the spirited narrative involving the mysterious disappearance of island cattle which spreads a mantle of suspense over the story.

Switzerland supplies the setting for "Green Wagons," by Oskar Seidlin and Senta Rypins (Houghton Mifflin), a fresh and springlike story revolving around the arrival of a traveling caravan of players in the old town of Waldau. The troupe includes a number of lively and natural children who are instrumental in turning the town's suspicious attitude into a real welcome for the caravan, by means of a cleverly fashioned play. A gay, attractive dress adds charm to the tale of old peacetime ways in a typical Swiss village.

History and Biography

BOOKS dealing with phases of American history are to be found both in biographical form and in fiction. Cornelia Meigs has added another fine book to her lengthening list covering a wide range of periods. In "Mounted Messenger" (Macmillan), she shows Benjamin Franklin, Colonel Washington, and John Adams, honored leaders in 1755, intent upon bringing the best minds of the colonies into closer accord through frequent exchange of letters. Franklin was Postmaster of the thirteen colonies, and his sixteen-year-old messenger, carrying the mail over difficult routes, east and west, has a share in knitting the sections together. In stressing the leaders' vision of unity among the colonies, Cornelia Meigs inevitably foreshadows the move toward world unity of the wisest minds of today. Sound historical research always goes into the writing of her good stories, which are essentially true in facts and spirit.

Excellent biographies include Hendrik van Loon's "Thomas Jefferson" (Dodd, Mead), written out of a deep admiration for Jefferson's many-sided genius, and illustrated in Van Loon's characteristic style, and Myna Lockwood's "Indian Chief" (Oxford), which tells the story of Keokuk. The life of this great war chief of the Sauk tribe covers the years when the Indians of the Middle West were confronted with the problem of their expedient relation to the white man who was crowding ever more persistently into the Indian lands. From a fiery young warrior, eager for any fight, Keokuk changed into a spokesman for peace with the white settlers. His story is made vivid in "Indian Chief."

Picture Books

SPRING has not, as yet, brought many distinctive picture books to view. Perhaps the most appealing is the large book in which the art of Nura is happily displayed in fascinating lithographs, reproduced with great effectiveness. "Nura's Children Go Visiting" (The Studio Publications), tells the story of Grandfather Brown who is lonely. So he invited his grandchildren, "two dozen and two," to come for visits for as long a time as they might choose to stay. And here they all are, noisy and quiet, industrious and idle, mischievous and domestic, each pictured according to his or her nature. Grandfather Brown has a descriptive name for every one. A simple, rhythmical text tells the engaging story, while the pictures of little figures with curving contours, stiff yet possessing a primitive grace against a childlike American background, are very captivating.

Two small, well illustrated books for nursery use, both published by Houghton Mifflin, "Michael the Colt," by Katharine K. Garbutt, and "Big Lonely Dog," by Leonore Harris, contain simple tales of animal life with just enough action to hold the attention of the youngest book lovers. There are other similar books in this series.

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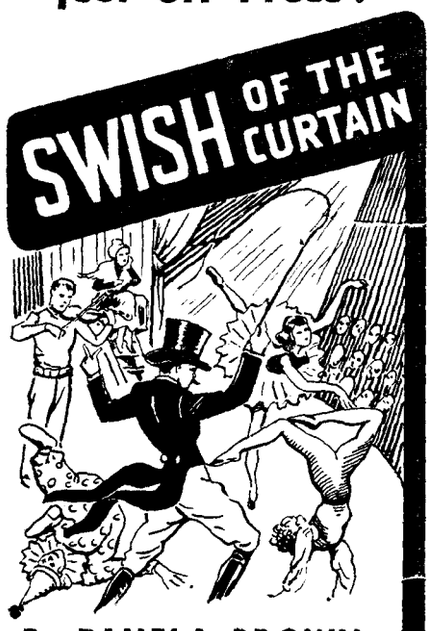

By PAMELA BROWN

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Title and Author	*Age and Sex*	*What It's About*	*Our Opinion*
BANJO THE CROW *Theodora Du Bois* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	8-12 Both	How a crow with a broken wing became a teachable pet and got into the movies.	Entertaining
CHICO OF THE ANDES *Christine von Hagen* (Nelson: $2.)	8-10 Both	The story of a peasant boy's search for traces of his family, in the place where Panama hats are made.	Sincere. Attractive.
CHOOKY *Lucile Wallower* (McKay: $2.)	5-8 Girls	Farm life among the Pennsylvania Dutch. Chooky is a pet chicken, trained and loved by a little girl.	Warm-hearted
LITTLE NAVAJO BLUEBIRD *Ann Nolan Clark* (Viking: $2.)	8-12 Both	A sympathetic story of a Navajo girl, who loves the old Indian ways, but grows to see good in the ways of the white man.	Delights the eye
TWELVE MONTHS MAKE A YEAR *Elizabeth Coatsworth* (Macmillan: $2.)	8-12 Girls	Happy family life in a New England town, with seasonal doings for each month through the year.	Pleasant reading
MANOEL AND THE MORNING STAR *Anne Merriman Peck* (Harper's: $1.75)	5-10 Both	Bahia and its shipping, seen through the eyes of a small boy who wants to be a sailor.	Attractive pictures. Good story.
SHARK HOLE *Nora Burglon* (Holiday House: $2.25)	8-12 Both	A credible mystery about a school in modern Hawaii. The characters, children of mixed-blood, are well drawn and the story tells much about the island life.	Sympathetic. Full of action.
WEB ADAMS *Willard H. Temple* (Scribner's: $1.50)	10-14 Boys	Seventh Grade scrapes and humorous misadventures of the typical small boy variety. Web has the advantage of possessing understanding parents.	Not original but boys will like it.
BRUSHWOOD BILL *Richard Huzarski* (Crowell: $2.)	12-16 Boys	A boy's trapping and hunting adventures in northern Wisconsin. Bill learns to live alone in the woods and a friendly old man teaches him about animals and wood lore.	Good adventure
SALLY WINS HER WINGS *Margaret I. Simmons* (Crowell: $2.)	12-16 Girls	A career story, in which Sally's single-minded ambition to fly dominates her life, carrying her over every obstacle, until she gains her goal.	Overdrawn
WE'LL MEET IN ENGLAND *Kitty Barne* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	10-14 Both	Two Norwegian children escape to England in the patched-up boat of an old sailor. Exciting times gettting off from home and after they sail.	Entertaining and exciting
MOUNTED MESSENGER *Cornelia Meigs* (Macmillan: $2.)	10-14 Both	Experiences of a post boy who rides east and west from Philadelphia in 1755. He sees Washington, Adams, and Franklin and learns their plans to unite the colonies. There are girls in the story, too.	Excellent
HOUSE BETWEEN *Ethel Paxton* (Viking Press: $2.)	10-12 Girls	Home life in Newburyport.	Good 19th century New England
THOSE HAPPY GOLDEN YEARS *Laura Ingalls Wilder* (Harper's: $2.)	14-16 Girls	The list of the Little House books, in which Laura is sixteen, and getting ready for a home of her own.	Valuable pioneer history
BATTLE OF THE SIERRAS *Richard Summers* (Oxford: $2.)	14-16 Boys	Railroad building in California when the Central Pacific is carried over the Rocky Mountains, with heart-breaking labor.	Shows pluck and perseverance
PX *Malcolm Taylor* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Older Boys	An airplane over England in 1969, is forced down in the fog and uncovers an international mystery.	Imaginative. Exciting.

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Title and Author	Age and Sex	What It's About	Our Opinion
SWING SHIFT *Howard M. Brier* (Random House: $2.)	Older Boys	Vocational information, excitingly conveyed in a story about shipyard work on the West Coast, after Pearl Harbor.	Authentic, forceful career book
A YEAR TO GROW *Helene Conway* (Longmans, Green: $2.)	10-14 Girls	Convent school days in which Anne grows to love the school and her friends there. A vacation in Boston is included in her year.	Satisfies boarding school requirements
MONKEY AHOY! *West Lathrop* (Random House: $2.)	10-14 Both	A tale of a retired sea captain and his Capuchin monkey and how they change the life of a lame boy in a New England seacoast town.	For family reading
SMOKY BAY *Steingrimur Arason* (Macmillan: $2.)	10-14 Both	How Jon, who lived on a farm in Iceland, gained permission to come to America.	Country and characters well drawn
GREEN WAGONS *Oskar Seidlin and Senta Rypins* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	10-14 Both	The children of a theatrical troupe find the Golden Apple which has been stolen from a Swiss town hall.	Delightful
NURA'S CHILDREN GO VISITING *Nura* (Studio Publications: $2.50)	Nursery Both	Beautiful picture-story book about Grandfather Brown's twenty-six visitors, each with individual traits of character.	Distinctive
THE LITTLE WOMAN WANTED NOISE *Val Teal* (Rand, McNally: $1.)	Nursery Both	Picture story book telling about a lady who found the country too quiet and what she did to improve it. Robert Lawson's pictures.	Amusing
SHHhhhh—BANG *Margaret Wise Brown* (Harper's: $1.50)	Nursery Both	For reading aloud in two different tones of voice. The story and bright pictures tell about a little boy who came to a town where everyone spoke in whispers. He didn't like it and brought the town back to life.	Will be often reread
MICHAEL THE COLT *Katharine K. Garbutt* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Nursery Both	Attractive drawings and simple text show a baby colt getting acquainted with himself and the world around him.	Childlike
BIG LONELY DOG *Leonore Harris* (Houghton Mifflin: $.85)	Nursery Both	Hamlet, the Great Dane, makes his place in the family. Nice drawings.	Childlike
ROUND ROBIN *Lavinia R. Davis* (Scribner's: $1.50)	5-8 Girls	How the coming of a new baby affected the other children, and how they shared in its care.	Realistic
PITO'S HOUSE *Catherine Bryan and M. B. Madden* (Macmillan: $1.50)	4-8 Both	An old Mexican folk tale with a moral and gay pictures. Humorous.	Good fun
THE JACK TALES *Richard Chase* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.50)	8-12 Both	Familiar folk tales, told in the dialect of Southern mountaineers and set in an American atmosphere.	A valuable contribution to American folk lore
THE LITTLE PRINCE *Antoine Saint-Exupéry* (Reynal & Hitchcock: $2.)	All Ages Both	A poetic allegory for adults which some children will accept as a fairy tale of a little prince in the great African desert.	Beautiful and moving
MISCHIEF IN FEZ *Eleanor Hoffmann* (Holiday House: $2.)	8-12 Both	A tale of magic, with Djinns, good and bad, in Morocco.	Moroccan life made real
FIVE GOLDEN WRENS *Hugh Troy* (Oxford: $1.)	5-10 Both	Fairy tale about a king with a radio crown.	Original. Amusing
BEYOND THE CLAPPING MOUNTAINS *Charles E. Gillham* (Macmillan: $1.50)	5-10 Both	A collection of Alaskan Eskimo folk tales, simple and humorous, dealing with animal characters.	Excellent

Simon Kenton

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By Thomas D. Clark

THE group of "American Biographies of which this is the latest is . . . the complement for the teens of 'Rivers of America' . . . The events of Kenton's career bite on one another's heels . . . they take place for the most part in forest depths, on lonely rivers, in solitude heavy with expectation of attack, in a new land... such as Leatherstocking knew."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.* Illustrated by Edward Shenton $2.00

The Masquerade Mystery

By L. A. Wadsworth

A RATTLING good yarn of two boys and a lovely girl on a farm by "one of the most popular mystery writers for older children."—*Gweneira M. Williams, Children's Librarian.* $2.00

FARRAR & RINEHART
New York

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Title and Author	*Age and Sex*	*What It's About*	*Our Opinion*
INDIAN CHIEF *Myrna Lockwood* (Oxford: $2.)	12-16 Both	Keokuk, Sauk Indian chief, in the Middle West, when the white men crowded the Indians beyond the Mississippi.	Enlivens Indian history
KNIGHT OF THE WILDERNESS *Maxim Shore and M. M. Oblinger* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	12-16 Both	Explorations of Alexander Mackenzie in search of a trail across the continent, before the Lewis and Clark Expedition had taken place.	Includes fresh material
PADEREWSKI *Antoni Gronowicz* (Nelson: $2.50)	Music Lovers of Any Age	Intimate biographical record of the great musician and patriot, by one who knew him.	Interesting. Informative.
BADEN-POWELL *E. E. Reynolds* (Oxford: $2.75)	12-16 Boys	An official biography, written at the request of the Boy Scout organization. Includes his life in the Army as well as his work with the Boy Scouts.	Of special interest to Boy Scouts
JULES VERNE *George H. Waltz* (Henry Holt: $2.50)	15-Up Both	Records the development of a Breton boy with a vivid imagination, into a great literary figure, of extraordinary vision.	Informative. Interesting.
SIMON KENTON *Thomas D. Clark* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Older Boys	Scouting and Indian fighting in pioneer days, on the Kentucky and Ohio frontiers.	Cruel in spots
AMERICAN WOMEN OF SCIENCE *Edna Yost* (Stokes: $2.)	15-Up Both	A group of short biographical studies on the achievements of scientists, most of whom are now living.	Stimulating. Informative.
MAN OF MOLOKAI *Ann Roos* (Lippincott-Stokes: $2.)	15-Up Both	The heroic life of Father Damien, missionary to the lepers.	Inspiring
SEXTANT AND SAIL *Robert Elton Berry* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	12-16 Boys	Life of Nathaniel Bowditch, told in story form, by the author of "Yankee Star Gazer."	Spirited. Authentic.
THOMAS JEFFERSON *Hendrik Van Loon* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	12-Up Both	Covers mainly the great public services of Jefferson, rather than his personal and family life.	Might have been more human
BRET HARTE OF THE OLD WEST *Alvin P. Harlow* (Messner: $2.50)	14-Up Both	Story biography written in conversational style.	Adequate
HE CONQUERED THE ANDES *Mabel Lorenz Ives* (Little, Brown: $2.)	14-Up Both	San Martin, liberator of Brazil, his services to South America, and his great march over the Andes to free Chili.	Well told
HERE IS ALASKA *Frederick Machetanz and Evelyn Steffansson* (Scribner's: $2.50)	All Ages Both	A valuable account of Alaskan life, industries, and topography, with exciting photographs.	Important. Thrilling.
THE TALE OF THE CROW *Henry B. Kane* (Knopf: $1.50)	All Ages Both	Revealing photographs and absorbing text tell the life history of a crow in the pine woods.	Beautiful. Truthful.
EVERYDAY BIRDS *Gertrude E. Allen* (Houghton Mifflin: $.85)	Nursery Both	A few familiar birds are described and pictured around the home. Good drawings.	An aid to observation
WARM EARTH *Dorothy Waugh* (Oxford: $2.)	8-12 Both	Describes simply but scientifically changes in soil making before rocks become food for plants. Magnified drawings.	Instructive
SPICE AND SCENT *Lee Maril* (Coward-McCann: $1.75)	10-Up	Legends and historical information about some of the familiar herbs. Delicate pictures in color.	For plant lovers
FROM SEA TO SHINING SEA *James G. Dyett* (Oxford: $2.50)	8-16 Both	Simple direct information about all kinds of Americans, working and playing, and engaged in many activities across the country. Many photographs.	Adequate
PICTURE MAP GEOGRAPHY OF MEXICO, CENTRAL AMERICA, AND THE WEST INDIES *Vernon Quinn* (Lippincott-Stokes: $2.)	8-12 Both	Picture maps and description of these countries with a sprinkling of history.	Will enliven geography

Child Problems

YOU, YOUR CHILDREN AND WAR. By Dorothy W. Baruch. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1942. 228 pp., with index. $2.

Reviewed by AGNES E. BENEDICT

THE increasing number of books which, like the above, recommend the use of psychoanalytic techniques to the general public seems to this reviewer cause for some apprehension. Before these techniques are placed on a par with household remedies it would seem of grave importance to be sure: first, that the complaints for which they are prescribed are as prevalent as common colds and digestive upsets; second, that the prescriptions are as innocuous as a throat gargle or a dose of bicarbonate of soda; and, third, that tried and true preventive measures may not be more effective in the hands of the layman.

Certainly no one would take issue with Dr. Baruch's position as to the therapeutic value of emotional release. A great deal of what she says in her book on this subject is both sound and helpful. The point at issue concerns the encouragement of feelings of hostility among children by the lay parent. The reader cannot but conclude after reading certain chapters of her book that this particular complaint is prevalent—that numbers of children are harboring resentment toward brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, and teachers. This resentment—engendered by frustrations in regard to sucking, eating, elimination, cuddling, touching, and so on—has been markedly increased by the tensions of war. Nor could the emotions be regarded as in any sense mild. And one could not fail to assume—from the examples cited and from Dr. Baruch's reiterated assertion of the importance of release—through verbalizing, painting, writing, modeling, and dramatic play—that they are of long duration. An emotion toward a younger sister which leads a small boy to such expression as this is referred to as "common" by Dr. Baruch:

> Some day I'm going to bring a gun
> And kill my sister
> And shoot her dead.
> And then I'll cut her head off
> With a knife.
> And then I'll cut everything else off
> And I'll let God out of her
> And I'll bring everything for the business
> And she'll be dead
> And all cut up.

A great many authorities question the prevalence of such emotions of hostility as expressed by this verse. They hold that where home and school give the child a reasonable degree of emo-

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tional security and understanding the feelings are neither extreme nor long lived—and that where they are the child probably needs the help of a specialist.

Whether or not this point of view is correct, there would seem to be no question that grave dangers lie in the indiscriminate use of this particular therapeutic measure. I do not find that Dr. Baruch sufficiently cautions her readers as to these dangers. True, she does advocate utilizing special psychiatric skills where behavior is too deviate, but she does not warn mothers of that fine point at which emotional release passes over into excitation—a point recognized by professional workers from other fields who make use of psychiatric techniques. Social workers and nurses, for example, take great care to divert the conversation when client or patient is becoming over-excited; teachers, when war play is degenerating into pandemonium, firmly ask where the air raid wardens are. If the individual is not more relaxed but more tense after expressing his emotions he has not achieved release; these emotions have been artificially whipped up. In this connection I would call attention to a recent study by Dr. Mary Delafield Fite in which the conclusion is reached that extreme permissiveness is not the solution of the problem of aggressive behavior in children; that more direction is needed in times of confusion.

Dr. Ruth Washburn, in a recently published book, "Children Have Their Reasons," says:

> The best teachers hope that they can bring about acceptance of the laws without rousing too much irritation against the individual whose often unpleasant duty it is to point out their existence. In this way, resistence to realities is decreased and a child freed from inhibiting grudges.

The lack of emphasis on this positive approach to the problem of hostility in Dr. Baruch's book seems to me regrettable. True, there are many chapters in the book which deal with the subject of prevention. But the suggestions made—which concern children's need for affection, the importance of democratic organization in homes and schools, and participation by parents and children in the war effort—are, if sound, somewhat brief. So far as young children's participation in the war effort is concerned they are inadequate. No account is taken of the many ways enterprising schools have found in which even kindergarten children can render real service at this time. And—most serious of all—the suggestions are general. They do not deal with the specific problems which Dr. Baruch raises and on which she places so much emphasis.

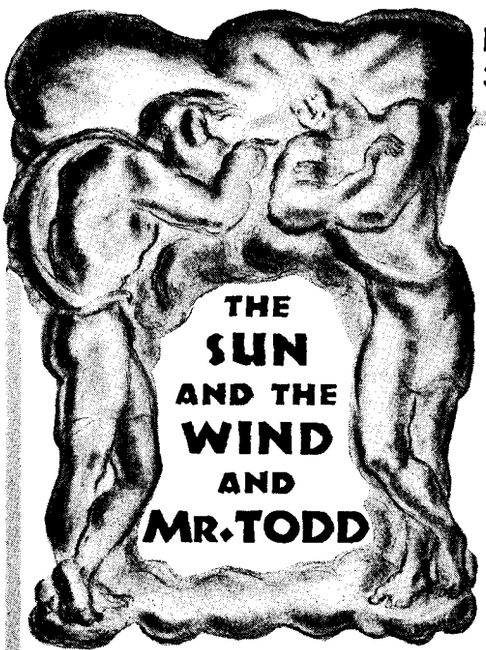
Surely here, as everywhere else, prevention is better than cure. If our efforts in this direction have failed, as Dr. Baruch implies, then we should either redouble them, or we should find new methods. We stand in urgent need of more books written with Dr. Baruch's vigor and earnestness, which stress this side of the picture.

Progressive education, child study, "modern methods of psychology" have so many enemies. They are vociferous enemies. They always strike for the weak spot, the Achillean heel—the tendency to go to extremes. I for one am sadly afraid that the present volume is likely to invite one more attack.

REMEMBER McGUFFEY?

(*Continued from page 4*)

AX. With what better symbol could a backwoods child begin to read and write? He had seen his father wield an ax ever since he could remember. Leafing over his book he would discover children coasting, skating, riding, swimming, flying kites, rolling hoops, teaching each other, talking with their parents, playing with their pets. Animals were prominently fea-



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tured. Of sixty-three lessons in the 1857 edition of the "First Reader," fifty have to do with horses, dogs, cats, birds, and smaller animate creatures.

The lessons always told a story, and often pointed a moral. But there was no attempt to instill dry disconnected facts or scraps of information. By some innate quality, a youthfulness of the heart, the Puritan McGuffey divined how children should be helped to learn. He believed in the inalienable right of the young to happiness.

The "New England Primer" had groaned and warned:—

In Adam's Fall
We sinned all. . . .

There is a dreadful fiery Hell
Where wicked ones must always dwell. . .

McGuffey's "First Reader" exclaimed and sang;

Hear the children gayly shout,
"Half past four, and school is out!"
See them, as they quickly go,
Tripping homeward o'er the snow. . . .

* * *

See! Oh see this shining thing!
It rests its golden glossy wing:
Its wing so bright with golden light;
Say, is it not a pretty sight?
'Tis not a bird, 'Tis not a bee:
Ah! it rises, up it goes;
Now it settles on a rose. . . .

Here was the ecstatic freshness of childhood presented to the children themselves in their own lesson-book.

The "First Reader" unlocked the gates of learning. The "Second" led the child further into the enchanted garden. There games were to be played for the joy of playing (McGuffey never believed in competitive sports). Moral instruction was practical, never founded on the threatened judgments of a vindictive God. One had to be good to be happy. In fact no one was happy who wasn't good. It was as simple as that, the teaching of the "Readers," and the children understood.

The "Third Reader" contained unforgettable stories in prose and poetry, fables, dialogues, and a metrical version of the Lord's Prayer.

In the "Fourth" one began to get the real McGuffey classics. Many children left school when they had graduated from the "Fourth." At that they had received much in little.

ALTHOUGH in the schools the "Readers" were a hit from the day they appeared, four years after their publication, Messrs Truman & Smith had not been successful with the other book, on their list, and the dissolution of partnership took place. In a "First Reader" printed in the fall of 1841 there are two pages of advertising matter in which the sales of the McGuffey books are placed at 700,000. Whether true or not, Smith was not satisfied when he went into business for himself. His first act on his own was to extend the series with an advanced reader designed to initiate frontier children into the beauties of literature and the art of elocution and oratory. This crowning work he entrusted to Alexander McGuffey, who as a former professor of "Belles Lettres," was known for his cultivated tastes.

William McGuffey, always more interested in abstract ideas and the theories of education, took no part in the work. It was the youngster's own field and he could do it well. Alexander browsed over the entire expanse of English and American literature and brought forth a remarkable anthology for the time and place, "The Rhetorical Guide," a book of "Elegant Extracts in Prose and Poetry."

Alexander thought Americans, especially Westerners, were not awake to the fact that they had a national literature. He would show them. To selections from the English classics he added others from the works of Cooper, Irving, Bryant, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and Lydia Sigourney. He stressed patriotism and his book appealed to the West and South where republicanism and oratory were strongly associated. For generations future Congressmen were to get their first training spouting Alexander's collected gems from the school platform on "Exhibition Day."

As—with gestures—

Sink or swim, live or *die*,
Survive or *perish*,
I give my *hand, and* my *heart*,
To this vote!

* * *

I know not what course *others* may may take;—but—as for *me*—give me liberty! or—give me—*death!*

The "Rhetorical Guide" appeared in

—*From the McGuffey "Reader."*

1844 and was later expanded into the "Fifth" and "Sixth Readers," the most famous and beloved of all.

For his immortal work Alexander McGuffey received $500.—and no royalties.

By this time Smith was working like a beaver, getting the "Readers" introduced into schools all over the West, South, and East—everywhere but in New England where the Worcester Series was strongly entrenched.

At first Smith was his own agent. Later he initiated a trusted assistant, another Yankee, Obed Jay Wilson of Bingham, Maine. Wilson had been a school-master and knew more about the inside of a book than Smith ever did. Soon Wilson had a large corps of agents under him, scouring the country, visiting school-boards, buttonholing state legislators. Smith in Cincinnati looked after the publishing end. In 1852 he took his wife's two brothers, Edward and David Sargent, into the firm. His own brother managed an affiliated firm in New York.

Before 1860 the location of Cincinnati on the Ohio river with facilities for cheap transportation had enabled Winthrop Smith to get control of the schoolbook trade of the entire South.

At that time no school books were published in the southern states, and the McGuffey series went like wildfire. The Civil War put an end to all the distribution and Smith's firm suffered correspondingly. But luckily for them the Methodist Book Concern in Nashville, Tennessee, undertook to reprint the "McGuffeys" for the Confederate children, and this held the market for the Cincinnati publishers. As soon as any part of the South was strongly occupied by the Federal forces, orders would come in to Cincinnati for fresh supplies from the firm there. Thus their trade was unexpectedly held for them.

Fluctuations in the price of materials during the War due to the use of paper money, worried Winthrop B. Smith and his health began to fail. In '63 he decided to retire from active business but he remained as "special partner" and continued to grow richer year by year, as did his brothers-in-law Edward and Daniel Sargent, whom he had admitted to the firm, and the ex-school teacher from Maine, Obed J. Wilson.

As time passed other partners were cautiously admitted. Anthony H. Hinkle, a skilled binder and manufacturer, Caleb Bragg of Cleveland, a bookseller, Lewis Van Antwerp, accountant, and later still, two trusted employes Henry H. Vail and Robert F. Leaman. The firm name changed from W. B. Smith and Co., to Sargent, Wilson and Hinkle, later to Van Antwerp, Bragg and Co., called by their

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rivals, who were many, "Van Anteup, Grabb and Co." Other soubriquets sourly bestowed, in a day when the words sounded novel, were "Monopoly" and "Octopus."

The wars of the Readers were long and bitter, especially the famous one between the "McGuffeys" and the "Appletons" This was a battle carried on for victory and not for profit. Every device known to the agents of the two houses was employed to the death. But in the end the combatants withdrew to lick their wounds. Neither could claim complete victory. The Appletons were not put out of business. But the McGuffeys came through with much the larger sales and went booming on.

The most constant rivals of the "McGuffeys" in the Mississippi Valley were the "Goodrich Readers," prepared by S. G. Goodrich, author of the once popular "Peter Parley Tales." These readers were originally published in Boston and some copies bear the imprint of Otis, Broaders and Company. They finally became the property of Morton and Griswold in Louisville, Kentucky. Mr. Smith and Mr. Morton kept up a lively schoolbook war for fifteen years. As usual the McGuffey backer won out.

Truman & Smith, and William H. McGuffey, were sued for $30,000 by the publishers of "Worcester's Readers," for infringement of copyright. McGuffey was accused of filching material from the "Worcester's," and the suit dragged on for two years. Truman and Smith eventually settled for $2000, having meanwhile removed the disputed parts from their books. Catherine Beecher had rushed to the defense of her friend in print, making clear that McGuffey had drawn on a collection of more than seventy contemporary readers and spellers submitted by his publishers for that purpose. This was the kind of controversy that the cloistered professor abhorred.

William McGuffey knew little and cared less about all this business of publishing. Tradition says that at Christmas time a certain member of the firm used to have a barrel of choice hams sent from his private packing house to Professor McGuffey. And that William's second wife received shawls and breast-pins from the same source. William accepted these sops politely but absent-mindedly. Absorbed in his own world of books and thought, he gave little attention to money or material affairs.

And his brother Alexander, though more worldly wise, never bemoaned the royalties he might have had. It amused him to figure that at least ten millionaires were made out of the "Readers." The author of the "Speller" and the "Elegant Extracts" had married a daughter of Dr. Daniel Drake, the noted pioneer physician, and had himself become a highly successful member of the Ohio bar. Winthrop Smith was his intimate friend and several of the McGuffey-made millionaires were his clients. Alexander was able to give his offspring—fifteen all told, the fruits of two marriages,—the advantages all prosperous Westerners gave their families. He always made light of his youthful share in the "Readers," and in later years asked to have his name taken off the title pages.

People persisted in asking William why he had sold his copyright for a mess of pottage. He finally grew touchy on the subject and would reply that "the time, labor, worry, and expense of the introduction and distribution of the books fell altogether on the publishers, and they were entitled to *all* the pecuniary profits. . ."

McGuffey spent the last twenty-eight years of his life teaching Moral Philosophy at the University of Virginia. His publishers, as their profits soared, granted him a small pension and from time to time commissioned him to do small editorial jobs.

"Old Guff," as his students called him, died in 1873, innocent of the fact that he had made a major contribution to American culture. Immediately, fame began to seek him out. Virginia and Ohio wrangled over the honor of burying him. Virginia won, and later named a college hall and a school after him. Ohio is content with a normal school and a McGuffey Museum where his belongings are reverently treasured. For a memorial erected to him on the Miami campus in 1941, contributions poured in from every section of the country.

The American Book Company of Cincinnati, hereditary successors of Truman & Smith, still publishes one edition of the "Readers"—that of 1879 which was reprinted as a centennial edition in 1936. Sales are chiefly to persons who want the copies as keepsakes. Few schools now use the books except for library purposes and for comparison with modern readers.

Complete sets of the early editions are rare but may be seen in the Museum at Miami, in the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Museum at Columbus, and in the Ford Museum at Dearborn. Files of the McGuffey Readers in the Library of Congress are unfortunately defective for the earlier editions. Of the first edition of the "Primer," which seems to have dropped out of use very soon, only one original is known to be extant. This belongs to Miami University and it is doubtful if the owners would part with it at any price. Early copies of the other books have brought prices running into the hundreds, but it is the completed series that collectors want. And these are almost impossible to find. Westerners one hundred years ago were not conservers. And school children never are.

Three elements went into the success of these first national best sellers. First, the intellectual hunger of the West. Second, the insight of the McGuffey brothers, who understood that need. Third, the enterprising salesmanship that brought the goods to the market.

Winthrop B. Smith, who had retired at the age of fifty-three, moved from Cincinnati to the older civilization of Philadelphia and lived there, an affluent and respected pillar of society, until his death in 1885 at the age of 78. Half a century later, with the tide of "McGuffey Reader" interest running high, he is the all-but-forgotten man of the story. Posterity does not even know his middle name. And history records only that he had a son who became a banker.

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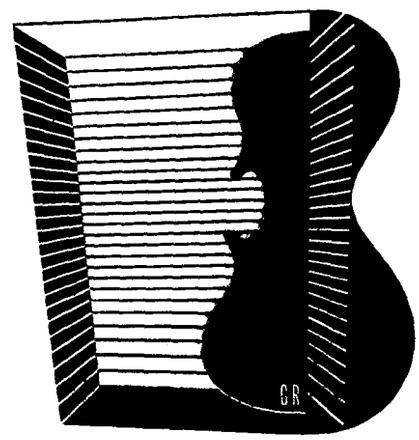
Modern Musicology

A NEW HISTORY OF MUSIC: The Middle Ages to Mozart. By Henry Prunières. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1943. 413 *pp., with Index.* $5.

Reviewed by PAUL HENRY LANG

A FEW weeks ago *The Saturday Review* published an issue the better part of which was devoted to music. This was a significant event in American musical life because it gave "official" literary recognition to the fact that music is no longer regarded merely as a more or less artistic entertainment, but also as a field of knowledge. That one of our distinguished literary magazines should pay such marked attention to music may surprise some, yet this acceptance of music as a branch of literary activity is only a natural sequel to the assumption of leadership by the United States in the musical world. This leadership is an obvious reality as far as our institutions such as symphony orchestras and conservatories are concerned, but the American composer too is gradually emerging from the background to which he was relegated. And now the musical writer and scholar, guide and chronicler of music and its manifestations, is claiming a place in American letters. Publications within the last decade have enriched our literature on music with a number of excellent works; their success indicates that works of scholarly distinction are liked and understood.

It is the more surprising that many of our publishers are still woefully misinformed about trends and values in musical literature. They would rather exhume an outdated European publication than commission or accept a modern American work. We must confess that the Prunières volume belongs to this category. It is a rather insignificant old style history of music first published some ten years ago in France and left incomplete by the death of its author. Prunières was a highly regarded specialist in the domain of early opera, who abandoned his systematic scholarly activity many years ago to devote his time to the *Revue Musicale* of which he was editor. His "New History" was the result of hasty, albeit elegant, writing, renouncing all original research; even Prunières's secondary references are often of an older vintage, no longer considered scientifically correct. It is regrettable, indeed, to see artistic deeds evaluated in the light of the long discredited evolutionary philosophy of art. Instead of crediting a great musician of the earlier centuries with his own accomplish-



ments the author makes him merely a "forerunner" of some future worthy; he "foreshadows" this or "predicts" that. Then there are the old bedtime stories such as the "first dominant seventh chord" used by Monteverdi, etc.

It will not do to present this work to the American public as a major contribution to modern musicology. The translation robbed the book of its easy flowing style but conserved the factual mistakes and the typical French preoccupations and points of view. The translator is furthermore guilty of a number of misreadings, some of which are technical, while others simply show him floundering in linguistic mire. Prunières writes well, with a typically Gallic sense for fine nuances. When he says, to quote one example, that Lassus did not disdain (*ne dédaigne pas*) to use folksongs he had nothing derogatory in mind; on the contrary, he praised the composer for his universal interest in everything about the musical scene. The translator's rendering of this phrase with Lassus "not being above" using folksongs casts aspersion on the great Flemish musician's wonderful folksong elaborations. There are also such gems as "they [the Meistersinger] anticipate the Lutheran choral which was to appear a century before the Reformation." As to Mr. Lockspeiser's "completion" of the unfinished chapter on the music of the eighteenth century, we'd better remain silent about that.

This volume shows, as have so many others, that more care and professional competence should be exercised in selecting works for publication, and a little more regard for the critical acumen and intellectual faculties of the American public interested in matters musical.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 476)

G. BURGESS:

BALLADE OF CONCEIT

To all ye Critics who come to chill
And to smirch the work of the blessed few,
Who feed on the fancy they try to kill,
I snap my fingers—the sapless crew!

.....

What have ye wrought ye can say this to:
"By Jove, I made it, and it is mine."

ISAK DINESEN

(*Continued from page* 5)

tions. Moreover, they are provocative. They make you want to read the book. I can do no better than to quote two or three of them.

The name of the first story I choose is "The Young Man with the Carnation"; the description is: "Of a youth's adventure in Antwerp on a rainy night, and of how his invasion of a room he supposed his wife's led to a strange and reasonably comforting dialogue with God." The name of another story is "The Heroine," and the description is: "Of a group of prisoners taken as spies on the eve of 1870, and of how a lovely actress, who danced naked in Paris, saved them through her modesty." And the name of the third story is "The Dreaming Child," perhaps the most lovely story of all, and here is its description: "Of a little boy who came to a great house, and of how, because he made a world of his own imagining, he was able to confer a gift more substantial than truth."

I take these stories and their descriptions at random. I wish I could quote the eleven descriptions. Once more, I suspect Isak Dinesen of having written them. And here is another notable thing about the book. In a way it is an advantage to write in a language which is not your native one. This was evident in Conrad. Words are then as fresh and as shining and meaningful to you, almost, as they were to the people who first, having a need to do so, invented and used them. They show themselves to you, if you are a worker in words, in all their true importance and import. Not greasy and rubbed with the usage of too much familiarity. They are brides, not wives; lovers, not husbands. It is a paradox, and rather a sad one, that to learn the real beauty of your own language you had best read someone who has come to it through a need and a desire and not merely through inheritance.

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Poems for Fighting People

WAR SONGS. By Struthers Burt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1942. $1.25.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS small book, unobtrusively published—I have only seen one review of it, which dismissed it as unworthy of Burt the novelist—is one of the most straightforward and telling books about America and the war that I have seen among volumes of verses. It says what most of us feel, only it expresses it far better than we can express it. I recommend it wholeheartedly to the American people. It does not matter at all whether it is great poetry; it is good craftsmanship and well-knit poetry, and I believe that the poem "Free Men" will endure for some time. But what is important is that it is written with burn and bite; and, if you want to send a soldier a book that will hearten him and echo what he is thinking and feeling, send him "War Songs."

Toll bell; toll, deep-tongued and clangorous,
In the clamor of your throat is a great dream dangerous;
Dangerous now as when your notes first ran
To flail the blood-stained enemies of man.

That is from the poem about "the tall man from Virginia." That is the tocsin.

We are the little folk, the speechless slain,
The husbandmen, the artisans of pain;
The small folk numerous as rain.

That is from the book too. How excellent! There is also the fine and bitter:

We are wonderful, we are wise,
Masters of space and speed and echoing spheres;
We have killed our young men marvellously for years.

This book is about Americans, not as people so debauched and craven that the insecurity of modern life turns them into thieves, pimps, and murderers; but as people strong and hardy, with souls and guts and a reach to their arms. Every day, on far islands, in stinking jungles, on blistering sands, on the high and rolling seas, young Americans from every part of this country are proving that *that* is the breed we really are. Mr. Burt knows it well:

Now God be praised that I have known
Fruit of the good seed strongly sown,
And in the eyes of men have seen
Freedom, merciful and clean.

* * *

Fools who try to plough it under,
Can you be rid of rain and thunder?
Fools who doubt it, will you try
To dim the sun, defeat the sky?

* * *

Listen! Bend your ear! That drumming
Is the sky marching, the earth coming.

I regret to say that I am not familiar with Mr. Burt's novels. But I have long read his poetry, and here, in time of war, he has set the capstone on his work in metre with a book that is like the light on a sword.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
TO CATCH A THIEF *Daphne Saunders* (Dial: $2.)	Rafflesque gent purloins jewelry of wealthy Manhattan malefactors, leads cops merry dance, clears up three murders, and bows out gracefully.	Perfervid yarn of man-of-many-faces who became a criminal-with-a-purpose. Plenty of wild-eyed action.	Bosh!
MURDER IN FALSE FACE *George Childerness* (Phoenix Press: $2.)	Breezy trouble shooter for tight-fisted newspaper owner helps clear up fantastic slayings of millionaire, pretty lady, gambler, etc.	High-stepping, bullet-punctuated opus with much more action than reality, gaudy characters, and generally lurid atmosphere.	Run-o'-the-mill
YOU DID IT *Eaton K. Goldthwaite* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.)	Inoffensive Homer Adkins gets embroiled in quadruple killing from which Insp. Relentless Joe Dickerson extricates him.	Shrewdly plotted, explosively actioned yarn with slick detecting and toughness smoothly mixed—and a whale of a finish.	Hair raiser
THE MAN NEXT DOOR *Mignon G. Eberhart* (Random: $2.)	Murder-espionage tale of war-time Washington with beauteous secretary and beleagured boss playing leading roles.	Foreign agents, Quislings, and similar scum finally meet fate at hands of authorities—with wedding bells faintly tolling.	Swift and exciting

THE

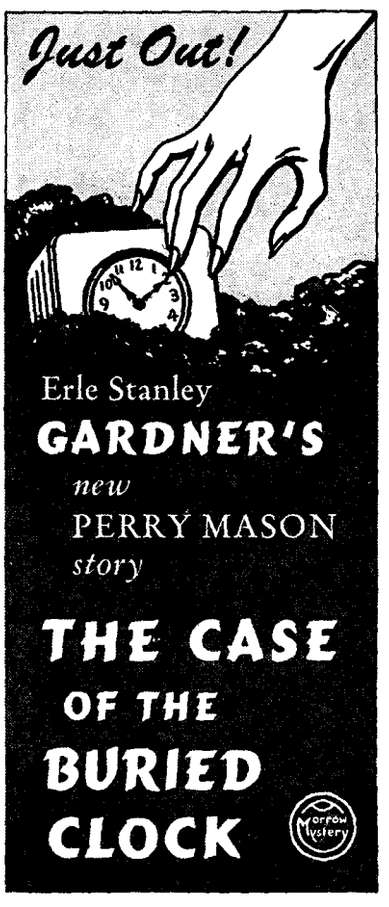
WRITERS' CONFERENCE

In the Rocky Mountains

It is with the deepest regret that we are forced to announce the suspension of the Writers' Conference because of increased demands for housing facilities by the U. S. Naval training program. Our friends will understand that the University of Colorado is proud to make this contribution to the prosecution of the war and that the Conference as an integral part of the University's activities will be resumed as soon as feasible after victory.

Edward Davison, *Director*

UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO



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They Also Live

WILDLIFE REFUGES. By Ira N. Gabrielson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 257 pp. $4.

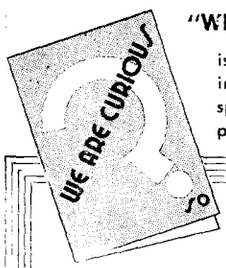
Reviewed by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

THE wildlife refuge movement as a part of the public domain (to be sharply distinguished from private game preserves) is a very recent thing. There was no hint of it in this country before 1870, and it was sporadic and unorganized until 1903. Twelve years later it was really gaining momentum, until today it represents ownership by the people, for the wild animals, of an astounding proportion of the total area of the United States. The Federal Government alone is administering almost eighteen million sanctuary acres in the continental United States and Alaska, as contrasted with three little acres in 1903. This makes no mention of the state, county, city, and private refuges. Some are bird refuges, some quadruped, and sea animal sanctuaries. They are dotted from the rocks of Maine to the estuaries of Florida and the stepping stones to Kiska and Attu, now so prominently in the news. I believe I am right in saying that no other country in the world has as many wildlife refuges, or spends so much on them.

And I am sure I am right in saying that no other man in the country knows more about all these different sorts of refuges than Dr. Gabrielson, distinguished naturalist and director of the Fish and Wildlife Service in Washington—the rechristened old Biological Survey. His book is the most compendious account and estimate of these refuges which has been written, and for everyone interested in conservation this should be a reference book to stand where the hand will go out to it with ease whenever a fact is to be verified or statistics to be checked.

Dr. Gabrielson has added chapters on wildlife refuges in Canada and Mexico, countries with which we now have wildlife treaties. I was especially interested in his remarks on Mexico. Dr. Gabrielson says:

> The opinion of Fish and Wildlife Service biologists following the migratory waterfowl to their winter quarters in Mexico is that, all things considered, the birds are safer in Mexico than in our own country . . . Such depletion as has occurred has been due to a relatively few visiting hunters who, all too frequently, threw off all restraint where no legal restrictions prevailed. In general the native population does not indulge in 'sport' but confines killing to needs in procuring food. Wildlife can stand such a drain better than it can that of modern hunting with high-power rifles and repeating shotguns.



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By Laurence Dwight Smith

Cryptography

Lunar Phenomena

THE STORY OF THE MOON. By Clyde Fisher. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1943 291 pp., and index. $3.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

SINCE the moon is the nearest of all celestial objects it became the subject of close astronomical study immediately after the invention of the telescope. Indeed it was Galileo who first saw the mountains of the moon, which, because of their number, he likened to the eyes of a peacock's tail. In recent years astronomers have turned to more promising bodies. For the moon is airless and dead. Had it not been for Jules Verne and H. G. Wells, both of whom wrote novels that described voyages to the moon, it is doubtful if even the public would interest itself much in our neighbor.

That the interest persists there can be no doubt. What are the vast areas still miscalled "seas" in accordance with an ignorant tradition? How are the hundreds of extinct craters to be explained, some of them bigger than Rhode Island? How was the moon itself created? Of what is the moon made? The questions demand answers. And Dr. Clyde Fisher answers them with a clarity, charm, and simplicity that are wholly admirable.

This useful volume shows plainly enough how conceptions of the universe have changed with the advance of science. The poetic ignorance of the ancients is revealed. The remarkable mathematical work of Sir George Darwin and Henri Poincaré, out of which emerged the startling fact that the moon was torn out from the earth in a fluid stage, complex lunar motions and their relation to the tides, the origin of the craters—all this is explained in a way that anyone can understand. Since the craters may have been the result of bombardment by meteors Dr. Fisher naturally discusses earthly meteorites; for we, too, are bombarded. And since the moon is a satellite he also takes up the attendants of other planets. What we have, then, is not only a book on the moon but a book that covers a good deal of astronomy besides. For good, instructive reading Dr. Fisher is hard to beat.

A new series of young people's books called "The Cities of America Biographies" has been announced by Messner. Leo Lerman will be general editor of the series. It is planned that each volume be written and illustrated by natives of the city in question.

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The Crostics Club

IF only the subject and the author's name were not too lengthy for our space, I should be tempted to give you in a DC part of a concoction by H. I. Phillips from his *Sun Dial* column not long ago, titled "Recipe for the Tax Bill." What a whopper for our anti-slangers, but what sense it makes! The first stanza reads:

Take a lot of mumbo-jumbo,
Add some whotzitallabout;
Season well with hocus-pocus,
Add a bucket full of doubt;
Pour in twenty cups of flubdub,
Add some hodgepodge and some bosh;
Throw in just a little twaddle
And pour in a quart of tosh.

Words get into my DCs in devious ways. In trying to eliminate a duplicate *in short* recently, it became *in-shoot,* and that turned out to be a perfectly good baseball term. *Clam-jamfry* from Barrie didn't reach you because I found it labeled *Chiefly Scotch.*

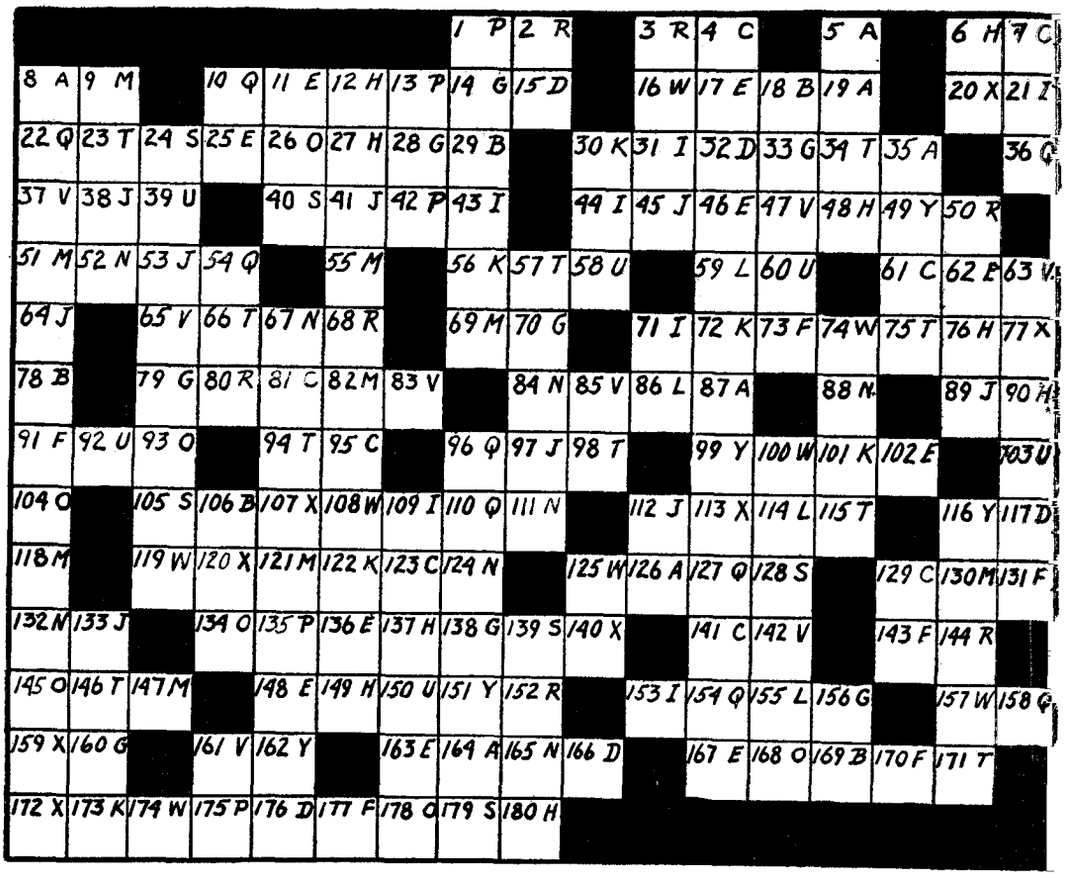
Protests came from Herbert F. Preston, Newport, R. I. ,and from Laurence P. Dodge, Newbury, Mass., correcting the date of the epistolary romance by C. B. Brown (DC 474) from 1801 to 1799, since "Clara Howard" by the same author in 1801 with the same number of words led to distressing consequences. It is most rare to catch accepted authorities like "The Oxford Companion to American Literature" in discrepancies, but that was the seat of the trouble. For under "Edgar Huntly," which caught my eye in searching for a word with *E,* the date was 1801, referring one to its author C. B. Brown; but under *C. B. Brown,* listed among his works the date was given as 1799.

Some years ago I was filled with pride on receiving from an American lady living in Florence, Italy, a delightful letter of appreciation. Mrs. Elizabeth Moorhead Vermorcken is back in this country in Pittsburgh, still including DCs in the day's entertainment; but whereas in Italy she had a personal library of reference books, now, having left them to the mercy of the Italian government, she has to go along without help and she does. She writes that while she is more at home with English poets and classical myths, she can also take American slang in her stride.

Nicholas de Gunzberg, of *Harper's Bazaar,* has been introduced to us by Bennett Cerf, as one who likes to concoct DCs. He is interested in the idea of an exchange, but as yet no one has volunteered to form a group for that purpose.

It is good to hear again from Mrs. Julia W. Goodridge, Santa Barbara, whose oncoming blindness a few years ago necessitated the giving up of DCs. Now she has a companion who shares her pleasure in doing them and they form a happy working team.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 477

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 34 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Prehistoric towerlike structure found in Sardinia.
B. A lover (Fr.; masc.)
C. A Mr. and Mrs. in "Joseph Andrews."
D. A term of endearment.
E. Warns or notifies of a fault.
F. The rain-cloud (Metereol.)
G. In the contingency of (phrase).
H. Sheltered closely.
I. Character in "Much Ado About Nothing."
J. A low-crowned soft felt hat (comp.)
K. Character in "As You Like It."
L. A small tambourine used in Egypt.
M. A den of iniquity.
N. A League of Protestant and Imperial cities in Europe—1531.
O. A baseball diamond.
P. A jot.
Q. Excessively zealous; mad.
R. Understatement to increase effect (Rhet.)
S. An existent.
T. A special make of waterproof garment from London.
U. Of or in repose.
V. A braggart (slang).
W. Well-educated persons (colloq.)
X. High rank.
Y. Queer and odd (slang).

WORDS

19 164 8 5 35 126 87
106 169 18 78 29
141 7 129 61 95 81 4 123
166 176 15 117 32
148 102 167 11 25 46 163 17 62 136
73 170 91 143 131 177
33 28 79 138 160 156 14 70
76 12 149 48 180 90 6 27 137
153 43 109 71 31 44 21
89 41 133 97 38 112 45 53 64
173 56 72 122 101 30
114 59 155 86
121 130 51 147 55 118 69 9 82
111 84 88 132 165 52 67 124
168 93 104 26 178 145 134
175 1 42 135 13
158 96 110 54 22 127 36 154 10
68 3 2 80 152 144 50
24 40 105 139 179 128
171 98 57 23 115 34 66 94 75 146
150 39 103 92 58 60
161 47 142 65 37 85 63 83
108 119 125 74 174 157 16 100
159 172 107 120 77 140 20 113
49 151 116 99 162

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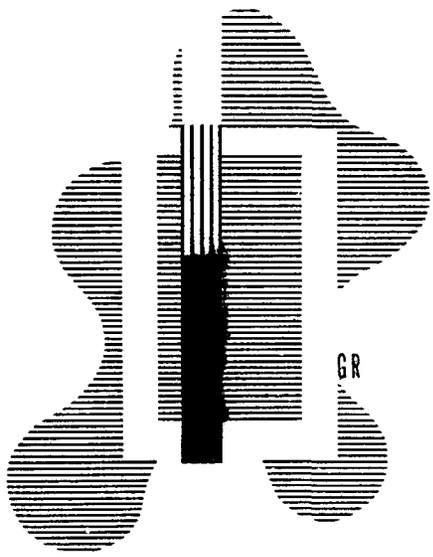
The Phoenix Nest

EVEN though that quite precocious young man, Mr. Manny Farber of *The New Republic,* as also my favorite Anne O'Hare McCormick of *The New York Times* and Dorothy Thompson in *The New York Post,* slammed the Warner Brothers picture, "Mission to Moscow," I enjoyed it and thought it a grand film. If it was too heavily loaded in favor of Russia, I have yet to find that it departed greatly in spirit from Ambassador Davies's book, though it necessarily had to telescope certain matters and simplify certain situations. The medium of the motion picture makes this inevitable. Actually it has almost as many limitations as the stage. The chief of which is, of course, the time element. It seems almost too obvious to say that it takes time to enact any incident either on stage or screen. The time taken doesn't matter at all when you're reading a book. The Moscow trials were highly controversial, and I still have my own reservations concerning them; and I am no more of a starry-eyed communist about Russia than is Ambassador Davies—just a guy who likes to see fair play.

But if the picture got over too much on one side, it is, nevertheless, one which presents Russia and the Russians as a human sort of place full of human people, instead of as a bogeyman's paradise. Yes, it left out a lot. So do most of the vicious stories you hear about the horrors of communism in Russia. Only, people want to believe those, so they believe them. Of course our bright-eyed young movie critic didn't think Ambassador Davies's book was much good at that. Just as he thought that what Davies had to say at the beginning of the film was "pompous and queasy" ("queasy" connotes an unsettled stomach, and Davies didn't seem to me to be having indigestion!) so he says his book was "a stale, innocuous mèlange of the fewest and most obvious facts that Soviet interpreters, left, right, and center, had been reporting on Russia for years." This pompous *ex cathedra* pronouncement on the findings of a fine sort of American, who was exceptionally honest and open-minded, seems to me queasy in the extreme.

It is not necessary to agree with all of the Ambassador's findings. But the work he has been doing to cement good feeling between Soviet Russia and ourselves deserves better of any slick young critic. And the work that Howard Koch has done on the film "Mission to Moscow" deserves better. If to the critic Mr. Koch's—or Warner Brothers'—judgment has been at fault here and there in condensing, telescoping, preserving, or eliminating facts, I feel such things to be subordinate to the detail that the picture is, as a whole, absorbingly interesting. Mr. Manny Farber, on the other hand, finds it "the dullest imaginable." That, and elsewhere, is where we differ. I also found Mark Aldanov's novel absorbing, though one of the most depressing I have ever read. If Europe was like *that,* it is a darn good thing that the war came! So I am neither Red-praising nor Red-baiting. Therein I must differ from Hollywood. Mr. Farber contending that Hollywood must always be doing either one or the other. Also in mentioning Mr. Koch as the scenarist, I have no way of knowing whether all that appeared on the screen had his full endorsement. Probably not. I remember once that David Wark Griffith thought Sheridan's ride should go into a Lincoln picture my brother was working on with him. Griffith simply couldn't give it up, and in it went. Well, it was a good ride!

I wonder when, if ever, we shall know the full truth about the Moscow trials? In his book, Ambassador Davies tries to find out. Certainly the safeguards to the individual under our own system of jurisprudence are, as he says, very precious things, when one contemplates a system that subordinates the right of the individual to the state. But, unless one realizes that, with communists, communism has usurped the place religion used to hold, and is a matter now of just as intense faith and dogma as the spirit of religion ever nourished, one cannot understand a good many things. Me, I'm for Democracy, win, place, or show. The Winnah now, in Africa; and watch it move!



For Book Borrowees

Padraic Column has sent me the following poem by Dr. James Macready, which I am glad to print.

LINES TO A BORROWED BOOK

I'm very loth to let you go
  For I have grown so fond of you
Did You reciprocate? Quite so!
  Of course I knew.
Ah, *mon ami.* However deep
  Are my regrets, I greatly fear
I must relinquish you to keep
  My conscience clear.
But, even as a last resort,
  You may return to me again,
To claim your place within "The Port
  Of Missing Men"!
So, tho we part (if part we must),
I will not say Farewell, but just
  And that we *must* is very plain,
  Aufwiedersehn!

For O. B. W. N. G. U.

Jay Lewis, of the *Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch,* tells me of a pirate story by the late George Manville Fenn, entitled "Commodore Junk," in which it is possible that Mary Rhead or Anne Bonney inspired the heroine, who is named Mary Dell. "The hero is an English naval captain in the best style of William R. Sims, Henry Pettit, or both. They collaborated in more than one play that brought cheers from the gallery. The curtain for 'Commodore Junk' is the hero drinking a solo toast to the memory of the heroine:

"'Mary Dell, true woman! I shall
    never love again!'
And, stern Englishman to the last,
    he kept his word."

Mr. Lewis also recommends to Old Boys Who Never Grew Up, two books by Robert Leighton: "The Pilots of Pomona" and "The Wreck of the Golden Fleece." Robert Louis Stevenson no less. sezee, immortalized "Ballantyne the Brave" (R. M. Ballantyne) and W. H. G. Kingston was dear to the hearts of the Brtish boys. But the best-loved of all was the Father of the Dime Novel, Mayne Reid, whose "Scalp Hunters," says Lewis, is—or ought to be—a classic!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

The Writers' Conference in the Rocky Mountains is to be discontinued until after the war. The Navy has been making constantly increasing demands upon the facilities of the University of Colorado, and the new plans which go into operation July 1 will absorb all the available housing accommodations. The Conference will be resumed just as soon as it becomes possible, and the scholarships which were granted to members of the 1942 Conference will then be honored.

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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MODERN POET seeks views on methods of ending present warfare and future wars, with plans to formulate world-wide group, to seek a better world in the future. Box 62-H.

MALE, deluxe, low mileage; cultured, comfortable, responsive, durable—ideal for the long haul. Many extras. Would trade letters with interesting young female. No dealers. Box 63-H.

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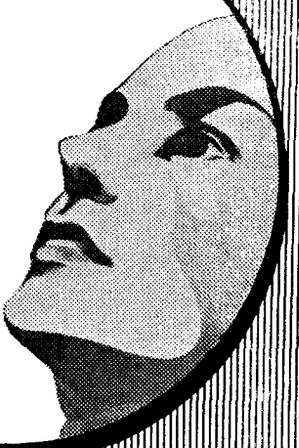

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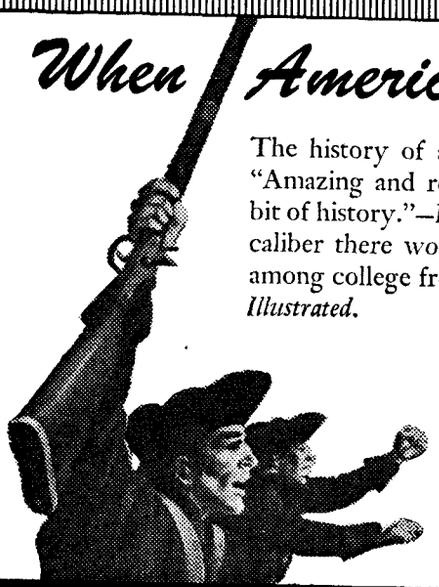

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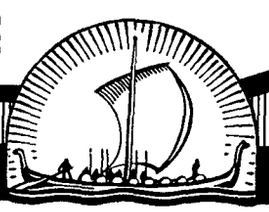
DOUBLE, DOUBLE

TOIL AND TROUBLE



The Viking Press, New York

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